no. 1 1998

Semper

You're not too young to think -

John Safran's Bottom

Hello to the

no one liked the QPO anyway

As Creative as Knitting:

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eDITOrial

"Sometimes and in spite of our surface confidence we all experience moments in our lives in which we are but as petrified sparrows, caught in the glare of a madman's headlights. "

Not the BiTe team! We present the O-week issue of Semper, Semper O, with a brazen confidence in our audience's ability to discern the all-embracing creative potential that lies behind this otherwise skimpily-clad first issue. *Semper O* begins by taking an external media environment as its sketchable landscape and trigger for self-justification. Youth media access is currently a provocative topic thanks to recent critiques such as gangland (an extract of which is reprinted in these pages) and 'industry solutions' such as the LOUD festival. Our sketch includes a large nod in the direction of Brisbane media options - a reminder that youth spaces exist from the (under) ground up, and should be taken over by young people for the forum they provide for nothing less than self-expression, democracy & social change. Semper O also begins what we hope will be an ongoing comprehensive, and intelligent review section; and hurls a few creative splashes in the direction of Adoptive Style in the form of SHOCK!, Refec Barbie, and other installments. The paucity of available intelligences over the summer season has meant not only hefty internal production on the part of the editors (something we trust will soon change), but postponing new regular features until the next issue. That's the hint and here's the incentive: if you gain nothing else from the sub-theme, gain this: as an 'independent, provocative, intelligent and accountable' young person's voice within a ferociously restrictive mainstream media environment, Semper Floreat is a rare, rare beast indeed, and with your help can in 1998 be as its name reminds us, always flourishing. This is a call to arms.

Sara, Margaret, Joseph - Semper editors for 1998.

They Just Slipped Through ...

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Editors.. Margaret Smithurst, Sara Synnot, Joseph Nadler

Fat thanks to the bunch of Contributors who pulled in for this edition. Names are near the articles. Some of you, and no one else knows who you are, have pen names. Exciting isn't it? All this could really have been written by one person.

Nicola Hawker and Anthony Taaffe from Publications - INVALUABLE and far too calm in crappy situations.

There will always be room for more Editorial Staff but the ones for this edition were invaluable Thanks to Rebecca Jacka, Joseph Bucher, Danielle Neal and Anastasia Harkin (for her renegade driving skills on the photo shoots)

This edition is authorised by Bede Nicholson, President of the Student Union. Of course, we have yet to show it to him.

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QM PROPERTIES

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Freebies and Give Aways!

Semper has been generously given five double passes to 'Stomp'. The rubbish bin banging, stomping antics of this act are sure to please the fussiest consumer of the arts. Semper will be giving one pass per day between the 9th and the 14th of March to the first person who turns up with a wheelie bin during office hours to the Semper office. If you miss this you'll be kicking yourself.

More Freebies and Give Aways!

Semper has 50 tickets to the Schonell movie theatre to give away. To claim your ticket turn up to the Semper office during the month of March and give us your favourite line from either 'Star wars' (you pick which one) or 'Feeling Minnesota'. One ticket per person so bring a couple of friends and act out the entire movie if you want to!

Below is what Jo found for his piss-weak attempt at creative writing - Net corners of second-rate information. He's a Net boy, excuse him. Second only to Matt Drudge, the guy who broke the Clinton/Lewinsky scandal from his Web dodgy-journo-in-the-wall site.

In November, in Denver Colorado, school board candidate Lee McClendon lost his race despite a vigorous campaign promising to improve kids' performances in reading, writing, and basic math; observers said the loss might have had something to do with public awareness of his 1984 guilty plea for attempted sexual assault of an 8-year-old boy, which the victim had publicised after McClendon announced his candidacy. However, the same day, voters in Chauncey, Ohio, elected Edward W. Stoll, 48, to the Village Council despite the fact that he goes to trial in February on a rape charge.

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According to psychologists at Portsmouth University in England, the two-tone sirens and flashing blue lights of British police cars seriously impair the judgment of officers by the time they arrive at a crime scene. Dr. Aldert Vrij, who led a recent study, told the Daily Telegraph in October that officers subs quently tended to underestimate the danger they face and tended to become sluggish and reluctant to fire their weapons.

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In September, murder defendant Hosie Grant, 72, seated on a bench in a courtroom in Little Rock, Ark., with other defendants at the daily arraignment hearing, fell into a sound sleep as he awaited his case to be announced. He was still asleep later when his two daughters and a public defender entered a not-guilty plea for him, but just then, a benchmate shook him awake. Aroused from his slumber but not yet aware of the proceedings, he impulsively arose and shouted, "I plead guilty." He is charged with stabbing a close friend to death, and the judge permitted the not-guilty plea to stand.

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In October, Italy's highest appeal court, the Court of Cessation, ruled that the breakup of a marriage was not the wife's fault even though she abandoned the husband. The wife was able to demonstrate that for two years of battling, and a fistfight, she was no longer able to indulge her mother-in-law's presence in the home, and the judges agreed the constant interference was intolerable. Rome's largest newspaper, La Repubblica, sympathized, calling the typical Italian mother-in-law "unstoppable as a panzer, omnipresent, overbearing, meddlesome, and mischief-making." And in August, a Tokyo District Court, citing changing times, rejected a $38,000 claim by a man who said his ex-wife, who worked full-time outside the home, nonetheless had an obligation to do all the housework.

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In October, Tulsa, Okla., firefighters were called to a church during a birthday party for Mabel McCullough. The alarm had been triggered by smoke from the candles on the cake of the 95- year-old woman.

Teneriffe Literate Ladies Romance Society - Volume I

She had always fancied herself a 'serious novelist', but both Dora Dingle and her menagerie of mundane friends knew that at best, she was no more than a cheap imitation Barbara Cartland paperback. Draft after endless draft, she struggled for an intellectual turn of phrase, indeed believing she was destined to pioneer construction of new subtextual genres in the genre that is romance literature. She'd tried all the new grammatical techniques and for a short while her prose was dotted with all the glory of adverbs and adjectives, but still, it never rose beyond the drivel written by her fellow pseudo-writers of the Teneriffe Literate Ladies Romance Society.

"Didn't Jackie just look like...so beautiful", reminisced society president, Beverly Nizbit, as she stuffed another iced vo-vo into her orifice and further propelled this week's meeting into the outer reaches of banality.

"Ooo, and all that jewellery", added Joan from the confine of her horror two-piece polyester pastel purchase from Trudie Fisher.

"Jackie is a god of good taste Joan, and a role model for all decent women like us", preached Bev, coating the proceedings in her warehouse-prefabricated-art-deco-lounge room with a good mouthful of coconut crumbs and flecks of the very last season pink icing.

Somehow, it seemed that every meeting Bev managed to return the disciples of "Brisbane's only professional and exclusive writing society" to their Perth pilgrimage of last year, an awe-inspiring night when that bastion of decency and upper-class morals, Jackie Collins, addressed the congregation of the Twelfth World Romance Writer's Convention.

Bemused yet apathetic about the crumbs of iced vo-vo still twitching at the edge of Bev's prattling mouth, Nora's mind vacantly recounted her version of the famed night's events. True, the sight of Ms Collins' jewels did secretly titillate her in a 'funny' way she had never really thought possible, but more importantly, this mighty convention of menopausal bliss was the night that changed Nora's life.
When Chester Hoover, freelance sales distributor for KY products (incidentally the chief convention sponsor), gave Nora her first free sachet sample, not only did she believe that indeed, it was the ideal supplement to her own natural lubrication, but she also realised that the man with clear light gel glistening in his manicured hair was the one of whom she had always dreamed ...

A letter from Lady Flo

To the Right Honourable Editors of Semper Floreat,

I received your letter yesterday with a mixture of trepidation, joy and amusement. Sadly my publishers now own the complete rights to my Pumpkin Scone recipe, which prevents me from giving it to you as requested. Besides, you should know it already.

It was with great joy that I read your intention to ask my opinion on the issue of an Australian Republic. So much of Australia's youth seems all too quick to throw away our great tradition of a Monarchial ruler. This being said however, I do feel that we as Australians should redress the constitution in order to bring it into line with the modern 20th century Australia in which we live.

On your request for a recipe I have found that my as yet unpublished recipe for a superb pavlova, given to me by my Great Aunt Brunhilda who sadly passed away just last month after being trampled by a Brahman Bull in an unfortunate gelding accident. And it is with this serious and sombre note that I pass on the singularly greatest Pavlova recipe to the Australian public.

Ingredients - Two egg whites, One and one half cups of sugar, One teaspoon of vinegar, One teaspoon of vanilla. One and one half tablespoons of cornflour, Four tablespoons of hot water.

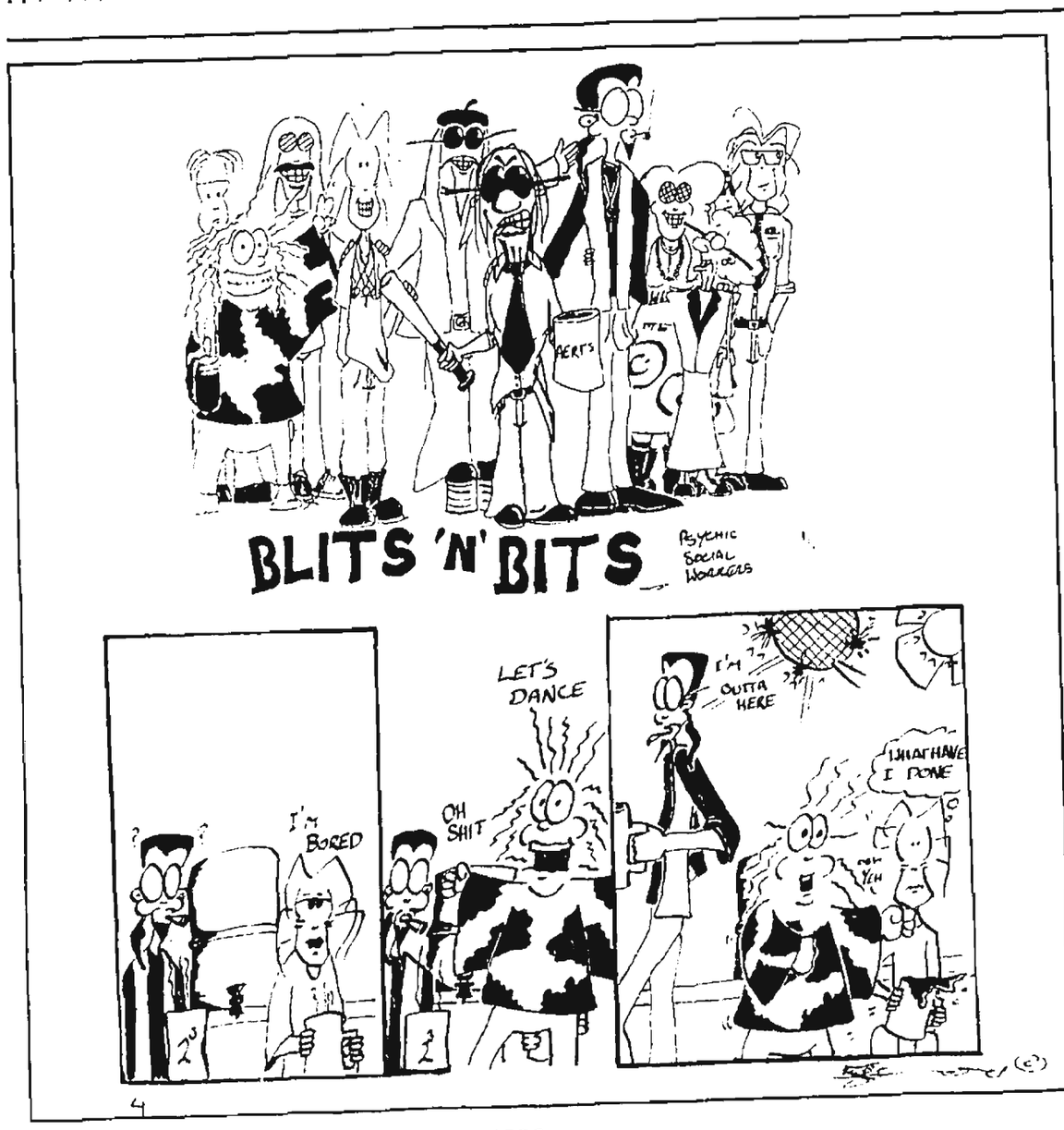
Method - Toss and cook.

And there you have it, the Perfect Australian Pavlova. As I promised I shall also make a statement on the issue of an Australian Republic as you requested. I feel and speak on behalf of many, many Australians that the monarchy is central to the Australian Government and indeed the Australian way of life. We as a country must value our traditions and heritage if we are to be strong as a nation.

(Eds note... We stopped the old dear here. What follows is a long typical tirade of another desperate Monarchist, completely irrelevant for what we had originally asked (the Pumpkin Scone recipe). To add insult to injury the letter was FAXED to us so we don't even have a genuine Lady Flo letter. All we can say is THANKS A LOT FLORENCE!)

Yours in kind sincerity,

Lady Flo Bjelke - Peterson



As you may already know, THE DARWIN AWARDS are bestowed every year upon the remains of that individual, who through single-minded self-sacrifice, has done the most to remove undesirable elements from the human gene pool.

This year's illustrious winner was John Pernicky and friend Sal Hawkins, of the state of Washington, America, decided to attend a local Metallica concert at the Amphitheater at Gorge, Washington. Having no tickets (but 18 beers among them) they sat in the parking lot, and after finishing the beer, decided that it would be easy enough to hop over the nine-foot high fence and sneak into the show.

The two friends pulled their pickup truck over to the fence and the plan was for John—100 pounds heavier than Sal—to hop over, and then assist his friend over the fence. Unfortunately for John, there was a 30 foot drop on the other side of the fence. Having heaved himself over, he found himself crashing through a tree.

His fall was abruptly halted by a large branch which snagged him by his shorts. Dangling from the tree, with one arm broken, John looked down and saw a group of bushes below him. Figuring the bushes would break his fall, John removed his pocket knife and proceeded to cut away his shorts to free himself from the tree.

When finally free, John crashed below into Holly bushes. The sharp leaves scratched his entire body and now being without his shorts, he was the unwilling victim of a holly branch penetrating his rectal cavity. To make matters worse, his pocket knife proceeded to fall with him and landed three inches into his left thigh.

Seeing his friend in considerable pain and agony, Sal decided to throw him a rope and pull him to safety. However, weighing about 100 pounds less, he decided the best course of action would be to tie the rope to the pickup truck. This is when things went from bad to worse.

In his drunken state, Sal put the truck into the wrong gear, pressed on the gas, and crashed through the fence, landing on and killing his friend.

Sal was thrown from the truck, suffered massive internal injuries and also died at the scene.

Police arrived to find a pickup truck with its driver thrown 100 feet from the vehicle and upon moving the truck, a half naked man, with numerous scratches, a holly stick up his rectum, a knife in his thigh, and a pair of shorts dangling from the tree branches 25 feet in the air. It's a sad, sad world ain't it?

Teneriffe Literate Ladies Romance Society - Volume II

"...and she writes a damn good novel too", thus Beverly Nizbit ended her lengthy soliloquy on the many virtues of Jackie Collins - more to do with her impeccable fashion prowess than her literary merit, but none of that seemed to matter too much to any of the other society members. Dora Dingle's attention, however, was still resounding with the echoes of the name Chester Hoover, a thought that was occasionally punctuated by brief neon flashes of the letters 'K' and 'Y' hovering precariously over the promotional booth in which he stood at last year's Romance Writer's Convention.

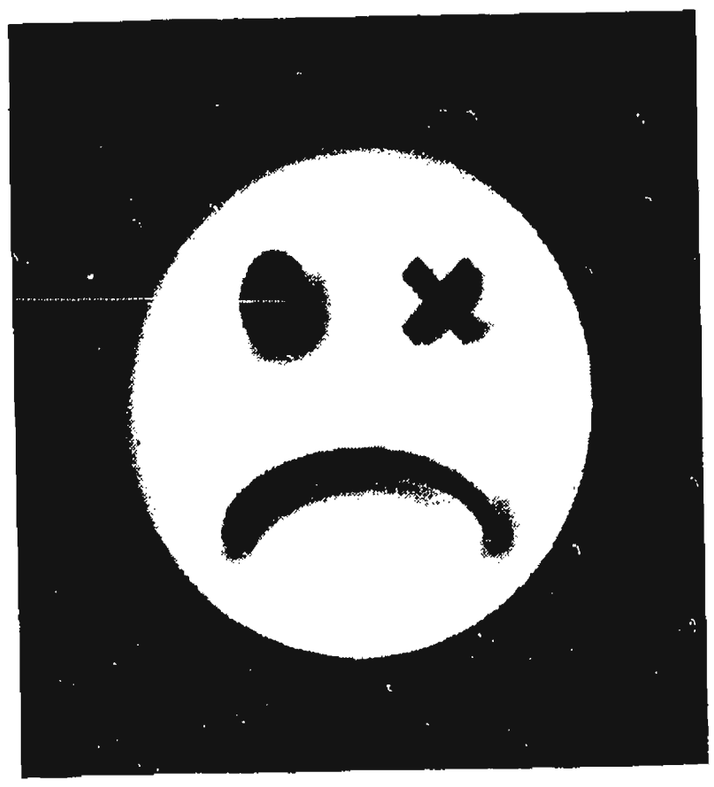
Noticing that Dora had not been paying proper attention to Bev's full cream chunks of wisdom, and yet further evidence that most members of the literary society were as manipulative adn bitchy as their nightmarish story characters, Miranda Swilleby, part-time nail technical advisor, proud author of Hold Him Honestly* and particularly venemous member of the sisters in romance, leant forward and inquired in an extra polite (almost verging on phone-sex-worker-polite) fashion, "Isn't that correct...Dora?"

Snapping back to reality like an improperly fastened garter belt, Dora instantly knew that she had made a severe breach of etiquette and struggled rather nervously to reply.

"Ummm... Well, I'm not sure I..." Dora began. At that precise moment, just when Dora's head was about to burrow straight down into her shoulders, her brand new, top-of-the-range ultra-slim-line yet -extra-offensively-loud mobile phone screamed. Fumbling in her handbag, she pulled forth the genetically mutated Dick Smith experiment and tried to regain calm.
"Hello?" When Dora heard Chester's voice in the plastic pressed against her reddened ears, she knew it was a sign more obvious than 'K' and 'Y'.

**(the third in a series of frighteningly popular stream-of-consciousness novels for the more 'tasteful' woman, in which the bulimic heroine, Penelope Smoulders, has a series of dimly lit and heavily-breathed exotic dinners with rugged 'yet tastefully coiffured and scented' young affluent gentlemen, always followed by a cut to the exhausted lovers engaged in an under-the-cover chat about the lower classes while sipping brandy. Society president Bev Nizbit spread the rumour, deliciously concocted by one of her fellow socialites, that Miranda was reduced to reenacting the novels' major love scenes with her publisher in order to have them noticed. Dora secretly believed that any woman who placed faith in the Jackie Collins code of moral conduct probably did end up strategically placed on a futon with a small pillow under her pelvis)*

MARK DAVIS /



playing the generation game

An edited extract from gangland: cultural elites and the new generationalism, reprinted courtesy of Allen & Unwin

"Never has a 'generation' looked over its shoulder so constantly and with such fear. The early baby-boomers are now turning fifty. Magazines and newspapers have celebrated the event with a fit of self-indulgence that is almost a parody of the stereotypes of white, liberal privilege associated with that age group. A 1996 special issue of Life magazine, for example, was entirely devoted to celebrating the 'birthday' (its centrespread was a full-colour photo of the JFK assassination). As always, chinks of uncomfortable light are provided by the non-baby-boomer party-poopers - cited in that issue of Life as 'a couple of token Gen-Xers' who helped to produce the issue, and to 'keep us in check'.

From Mickey Mouse Club to Frequent Flier Club, baby-boomers have traditionally led a clubbish life organised around happenings and trends, from the twist to hula hoops to frisbees to disco to aerobics to line dancing.

They give the impression that baby-boomerdom itself is a club, an exclusive gang, with everyone else on the outer. As a way of understanding, the anthropologisation that goes with such clubbishness is doomed to failure. But that hasn't stopped feature writers pretending that the generation following them can be dismissed, not so much as a generation as an object of curiosity. 'Gen X', for them, is also a club. A bad one. Not so much a generation as a retrograde 'trend'....

Younger people, it seems, are some kind of trouble. Their dress doesn't fit the paradigms. Their music doesn't fit the paradigms. Their art doesn't fit the paradigms. Their behaviour doesn't fit the paradigms. Everything from dance parties to youth gatherings ('gangs') to recent new fiction is reported in a climate of chronic social difference, fear, moral decline and scandal. The party's over. Man the barricades. Pull up the bridges. It's all downhill from here on.

The pattern keeps repeating. At the invitation of a road construction firm, art students in 1996 put up Barbara Kruger-like posters on Melbourne construction hoardings, with the messages 'You know your superiority is an illusion', 'Why are you afraid of your vunerability?' and 'Why do you control?' The posters were covered up after direct intervention from the Kennett government. As it happens, Kruger herself was in Melbourne shortly afterwards. 'Don't be a jerk' was her message, plastered on large billboards over town. They stayed.

Censorship had already been on the Victorian government's mind. In 1994 it passed the Tertiary Education Amendment Act, forbidding student organisations from publishing student newspapers out of their own members' funds. As a result several student newspapers were forced to close down, or to rely on patronage form university administrations and the federal government. The media gave remarkably little coverage to the protests against these changes, and the important free-speech issues they raised have barely entered any national political agenda.

Student newspapers were again in the news when the editors of the La Trobe University student newspaper, *Rabelais*, published an article on shoplifting.

Politicians, business figures and a range of 'community leaders' spoke out against the article. Amid all the moral outrage, there was no serious discussion about why students might need to shoplift, or what issues are raised when politicians curtail freedom of speech. Simon Crean, then Labor's Minister for Higher Education, personally intervened to ensure that any student publication republishing the article as a gesture of solidarity would have its funding curtailed.

Crean promised John Laws on his 2UE radio show that 'if there's something that can be done about this by us, the Federal Government, it will be done'. The following day Crean reportedly notified the Victorian Attorney-General, Jan Wade, of legal avenues under which the students could be prosecuted, and wrote to Laws to confirm he would be cutting *Rabelais'* funding. The four students were subsequently charged under the Victorian *Classification of Films and Publications Act 1990.*

At around the same time two major women's magazines, *She* and *Australian Women's Forum*, published articles in which they revealed shoplifting techniques, attracting no adverse commentary. The *Rabelais* article had previously been published on eleven separate occasions between late 1991 and 1995, without any legal action being taken.

Then there was the rant of talkback shock-jock Alan Jones, also on 2UE, launching a broadside at the band Regurgitator and their song 'I Sucked a Lot of Cock to Get Where I Am' for what Jones claimed was its rampant, youth-destroying obscenity. Or that of John Laws, who reportedly embarked on a five-minute tirade against the students - 'those feminist bitches' - at the centre of the Ormond College sexual harassment case partially described in *The First Stone.*

In 1996 the Howard Liberal government massively increased the university fees scale introduced by the previous Labor government, providing the spectacle of a generation of politicians who received free university educations in effect legislating away the careers of many poorer young people. The education minister, Amanda Vanstone, advised students to consider apprenticeships, and suggested that they needed to 'take a reality check'.

Soon afterwards the federal government announced a proposal to restrict Medicare provider numbers, limiting new medical graduates' ability to practise and denying them access to the same professional privileges as their peers. The proposal was watered down only after doctors went on strike.

Then there was the case of the three young adults from the Paxton family who were vilified after they refused to accept jobs at a Queensland tourist resort in a set-up situation organised by *A Current Affair*. The resort owner later conceded that he had offered the Paxtons jobs to get publicity, and had gone into receivership six days earlier.

or revolution? See our LOUD pages

John Laws called the Paxtons 'putrid' on his 2UE programme, and they were publicly attacked as 'bludgers' by the prime minister, John Howard. The original segment on *A Current Affair* didn't mention that the jobs were offered on the basis that all three Paxtons had to take them, and that they had to cut their hair (from one generation to the next, the cry remains the same: 'get a haircut'), or that it was within the Paxtons' rights to refuse these conditions.

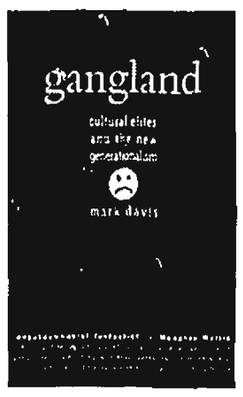
The Paxton affair was a ratings coup for *A Current Affair*, which ran seven stories on the family, attracting over two million viewers each time. Meanwhile, the Department of Social Security cut off the Paxtons' benefits, and they were deluged with hate mail. Soon afterwards the government introduced a diary-surveillance system for the unemployed and announced a 'dob in a dole bludger' campaign.

Nor did *A Current Affair* make an effort to explain that there are many more unemployed youth than jobs available. Younger people have suffered disproportionately as a result of recent economic policies. Of the total pool of unemployed, 40 per cent are aged 15 to 24. The number of full-time job vacancies for young people in 1995 was half that of 1960. According to Professor Ann Harding of the University of Canberra's National Centre for Social and Economic Modelling, of the 11 per cent of Australians living in poverty as of May 1995, 31 per cent were aged under 14.

When young writers have addressed these new realities, their work has been ghettoised and dismissed under the tag 'grunge', as if all they offered was a pale Antipodean reflection of the 'authentic' American 'grunge' literary tradition made famous by Raymond Carver. Typical of the misunderstanding that goes on was an interview with Justine Ettler, author of *The River Ophelia*, by Andrea Stretton on SBS's *Bookmark* show. Stretton asked time and time again, with disbelief, how Ettler faced the anguish and despair that are the themes of her fiction without caving in to them. Ettler's response - that this is what many young people do every day - was almost incomprehensible to Stretton.

It seemed a shock to her that some of the themes of this fiction drew not so much on an American fashion as on a current Australian urban reality for many younger people finding ways to live with high suicide rates, high unemployment rates, reduced access to education and high rates of infection with HIV/AIDS. Or that writing now might be alienated by the failures of soft, fuzzy liberalism.

As the writer Christos Tsiolkas puts it: 'there seems to be no hope in any social movement'.Mainstream commentators complain that there is little room for metaphor or experimentation in recent culture; meanwhile, its contexts and subtleties remain unread. Novels such as Bret Easton Ellis's *Less than Zero* and *American Psycho*, which attempted to be satires as well as social documents, have been treated as literal prescriptions for moral decline. Films with cult cachet among the under-30s such as Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* are judged along similar literal-minded lines, in ways that 'authorised



gangland is available at bookshops now (for $16.95).

culture' isn't.

Lately the moral panic about youth culture has given rise to repressive legislation as well. The trend began in Western Australia during the early 1990s. After a series of deaths resulting from high-speed police chases involving young people in stolen cars, the Labor government, led by Carmen Lawrence, passed the draconian *Crime (Serious and Repeat Offenders Sentencing Act)* 1992. The Act put quite a few kids in jail - especially Aboriginal kids - and deprived the rest of some fundamental human rights, but it didn't stop the chases.

The Labor government's legislate-the-problem-away approach nevertheless found imitators elsewhere. Since then pressure to introduce youth curfews, wider police powers and mandatory sentencing for juvenile crime has built up in several States. Meanwhile, back in the West, the Court Liberal government continued the crackdown, introducing military-style boot camps for young offenders..

But if this argument so far has seemed to be embracing the idea of generationalism, that isn't quite the case. The taunt of generationalism here generally comes from above. 'Generation X' isn't an expression used by anyone in the age group it refers to. Genrationalism itself, as a marker of intrinsic difference, is an idea distinctly out of fashion except, it seems, among those who like to think of themselves as *the* generation, and who use the idea to keep a little distance between themselves and whoever follows."

Lois (media watching)

Didn't I leave you here yesterday?" the Jacob's waitress said, smiling down at* Lois, *who sniffed and gazed down at the fluttering newspapers.* The great man was dead. *She sighed aloud, and adjusted her trilby, spilling the contents of her cup over some News Ltd, while all around the walls of the coffee house seemed to be closing in fast.

The recent departure of 'The Man' from 'The Show' - Stuart Littlemore from Monday night's **Media Watch** - is more than the end of an era for ABC viewers. It is a sort of death knell for the idea of the Australian media as publicly accountable. The even temporary loss of the watchdog with bite brings into useless ascendency the "toothless tiger" of the Australian Press Council, and the 'kitty-litter bin-liner' ethics code of the journalists' union. Yes folks, this same code was just amended *backwards*, from 'red light' (do not steal) to 'green light' (*try not* to steal) ethics, in recognition of the enormous power of media proprietors in deciding *who does what*.

Littlemore has reportedly left the nest because he feels unable to work with the ABC's suggested replacements for former executive producer, David Salter. **Media Watch**'s "sensitive" nature involves investigating dubious or sloppy journalistic practices behind the news and requires careful working practices. But ***Lois*** will boldly suggest extra pressures, namely the difficulty of surviving in an environment where one is Not Appreciated. For years Littlemore has publicly operated as a lone 'angry young man', pursing his lips and sneering at the content and operations of the Australian news media. This style less astute commentators saw to be merely personal. Devious or plain stupid practitioners of pseudo-journalism could only deploy the image of Littlemore as a "pop-eyed git".

Tedious, but not surprising.

Insensitivity to Littlemore's legitimate concerns has always been a problem within the industry, as a recent 'debate' on the ABC's *Lateline* showed. Former *60 Minutes* reporter Jennifer Byrne's foot-in-the-door style of journalism - a target of **Media Watch** over the years - pitted Littlemore against US media watcher Steve Brill, driving the debate into farce, Littlemore into a corner, and his resulting comments to be widely misinterpreted as arrogance by both Byrne, and the press the next day. But Stuart Littlemore's decade at the helm of **Media Watch** has been a vastly more public than personal service; his cynicism a crucial recognition of both consumer distrust of a secretive, defensive profession - and the wider picture. Australians live in a worsening media environment in which ownership of major organisations is concentrated in the hands of two men, few outlets for self-analysis and accountability exist, and ineffective journalism schools can be seen to abrogate their own civic responsibilities.

Here, provocation and public exposure are the essential, perhaps only, social tools of the media watcher. As Littlemore has put it, *journalists need to have journalism practiced on them*. For ten years **Media Watch** has produced this sort of important journalism. And Littlemore's own legacy is pervasive: while some of us will never learn responsible practice, and some will fall into it after inflicting damage via error, the angry young man has frightened many into recognising its importance, even that there can be no freedom without it. *Lois* warns readers it is much, much more than the end of an era.

Vale, Stu.

BUT THE REVOLUTION MAY STILL BE COMING

Read gangland? Want to hurt someone? Tut, tut - try to be pro—active. Brisbane offers many opportunities for young people to become involved in the media. Here are just some of them.

GETTING YOUR HEAD ON THE BOX: TV

Optus Vision

is for the more serious voluntary TV worker. Your project (sounds professional already) will screen on Channel 50 of Optus Vision Cable, a community - ie non-commercial - channel. Optus will pay for you to get famous via a nifty concept. The catch? It's cable so none of your friends will ever see it. (But you'll do anything to get on the telly.) Fax or mail your concept details to PO Box 217, Fortitude Valley, 4006, or phone: 3304 6065. If someone has beaten you to your big idea, they'll shack you up with the already operating production. If you're onto a winner, you will be called in to discuss contract details and sent onwards until the dotted line is signed - just like Hollywood but you maintain creative integrity. Optus will also assign your show a production assistant who will keep things running smoothly and check for grammatical errors.

Briz 31: Community TV

is not cheap but gritty enough to get you an underground reputation, alongside the scary fat man with the Tool program. Air time is about four times your rent - $200 for half an hour. We advise, some of us having done it before, that you get a corporate sponsor - but be careful, they don't always cough up, particularly if every second episode of your show sucked. Studio space is $50 an hour and includes cameras and handsome extras who will pose semi-clad with your products. Editing, a really important part of the process, is available for $50 an hour. phone 3844 3131 for details

THE MARTIANS ARE LANDING: RADIO FUN

Triple Zed (4ZZZ)

is a bit of an institution in Brisbane. Famous for its Market Day, the station is located in Fortitude Valley - you just need to just follow the cop car. Zed is a subscriber-based alternative to JJJ should you feel the need to retune, which might be often if you are not 14 and male. Volunteers pay a subscription and are planted on the front desk for one hundred hours - true. If you survive, you must be committed - no, sorry, you are committed - and get to move into any other area, such as DJ training, news, a blocked-in show, or technical work. But don't get too excited - trained DJs are put on a waiting list. Subscriptions for under 18s cost $10, unemployed folk and students pay $25, and workers $40. It's $100 for bands and negotiable for community groups, and subscribers receive discounts at various places around the city. You need to turn up at the station though, so they know you really exist.

Bay FM

is another entirely volunteer-based community station, open to folks of all ages. We have no idea whether they are near the beach. You need to approach the station for auditions and announcer training, and there is a seven-week course which will cost $25 (photocopying charge for the training manual).

4RPH

provides a service for those who have difficulty accessing the printed word - people who are vision-impaired, or have literacy problems, or anyone who would rather listen to the news from the Courier- Mail and The Australian than read it for themselves. Volunteers who read the 'news' and can present their own shows range in age from the pre-teens to the elderly, and there is a large contingent of journalism students. Listings for particular programs appear in the daily Courier-Mail. Think you can pronounce words like "epitome" and "psychology"? Call Tasman Stewart or Janelle Whitten on 3831 1296 and ask for an 'audition'.

digitarts at Metro

is an organisation dedicated to providing young and/or emerging female artists with access to the necessary knowledge for the development of the arts and cultural practices in the areas of new technologies. Contact them care of Metro.

Qantm Youth Works at Metro

is not the 1980s ABC-TV show - this is a different science. Qantm provides multi-media training, access and opportunities for 12-25 year olds via five to six-week courses from intro to advanced levels, incorporating Charlotte's favourite - Web Builder One ($95). The lab contains 15 machines. Courses start near the end of February so move.

Located at 109 Edward Street.

CITIZEN ME: THE BIG SCREEN

WIFT (Women in Film and Television)

is a government-funded and production-oriented support organisation which provides training and experience for women wanting to get into film and television, Contact them c/- the QPIX building.

SBS Independent

is your bet if you've got an old short film locked away in the cupboard. Send them an application and if interested they may send you some funds and you could have it finished on film.

BLOOD AND BRAINS - GET YOUR HEAD IN A PRINTING PRESS

Time Off

is a music and entertainment street newspaper which can be found around the university and Brisbane. It's released weekly and pays $20 to $40 depending on the length of the article. But check with the paper first as space is tight and they might not be able to publish your article. You can contact Time Off on (07) 3252 9666

Brother Sister

is a newspaper is aimed at the Gay / Lesbian / Bisexual / Transgender community and pays for lead articles. Anything else is not payed for (but may still be published). Payment for lead articles isn't huge so don't get excited. On the upside Brother Sister is always looking for new journalists, so this may be your point of entry to the wide world of journalism. If you want to contact Brother Sister phone them on (07) 3852 2155 and ask to speak to the Editor Steven Scott. Brother Sister is a fortnightly publication.

Scene

doesn't pay for articles, but this music and arts focused street newspaper will let you keep what you review (ie the Cds) which is also a bonus if you're going to a concert. Scene is published weekly, and if you want to contact Scene phone (07) 3216 0630 and ask for the Editor Jethro Hallepp.

print is personal

zines emerged in the 1940s and 50s as sci-fi fantasy 'fanzines'. In the 60s they circulated in the independent press before gaining strength through the 1970s DIY punk movement and becoming a 'cultural phenomena' by the 80s. Today electronic publishing means cheap, quick & easy access and global audiences for e-zine publishers. But zines are still going strong on the local scene.

Marisa O'Keeffe, 25, and Abbie Trott, 22, are zine-makers. Abbie produces the popular Losergurrl and is about to launch into brokensockses, which is about the trials and tribulations of well...*broken socks*...(Losergurrl is not about girls who are 'losers' - the title emerged from the underground Indie scene.) Marisa produces My Life as a Megarich Bombshell, whose title reflects the "spirit of self-mockery," as well as being one of the most serious ventures of her life. They say the best part of zine-making is audience feedback, and getting to know other zine-readers and makers around the country. DIY is a big issue in these not-for-profit media - DIY culture, soap, recipes, and more. Zines are therefore quite empowering to read...

interview by rebecca jacka

...Abbie: We met at Triple Z a few years ago....I used to do a radio show called Losergurrl which was independently released music by women...I started Losergurrl and the first issue we put together at *Semper*...and then Marissa started getting involved...

Rebecca: *Is Losergurrl still based around music?*

Marissa: It has elements of that...I think the one overriding thing about Losergurrl is that it's about independent girl culture so 'independent' is the really important word there.

Abbie: There are things that we get into that we don't put in there because they're not 'independent'...

...

Rebecca: *So where did the title for My Life as a Megarich Bombshell come from?*

Marissa: (In 1996) I saw Kylie on the cover of Woman's Weekly, and next to the picture of her face it said 'My Life as a Megarich Bombshell'. And I was like, 'Where does she say that in the interview?' cos I didn't believe it, so I had a look and of course she didn't say it, and I thought about how good it would be if she said it...if she said it tongue-in-cheek which I believe that she would...

Rebecca: *So have you framed the Women's Weekly yet?*

Marissa: I actually found one in an op shop which I'm keeping in pristine condition.

...

Rebecca: *What inspires you to write?*

Marissa: I try to include a lot of community stuff in there and maybe even a little bit of music but the stuff that I really write is...personaly stuff, not intense personal stuff but just the personal versus the political. I just try to take on something that I'm feeling or going through and find the universal in that...so that other people can relate...

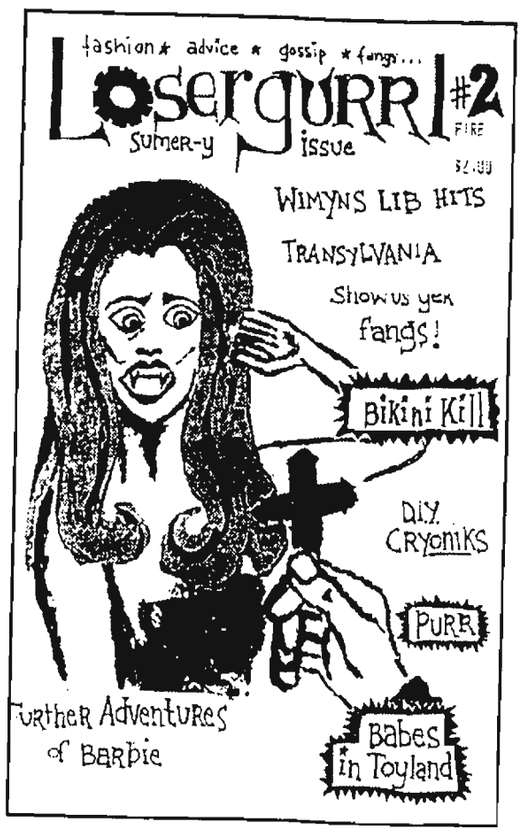
Rebecca: Is it more a woman's thing?

Abbie/Marissa: No, not at all...people do it because they want to do it...they're not doing it for any political reason...there's no set agenda.

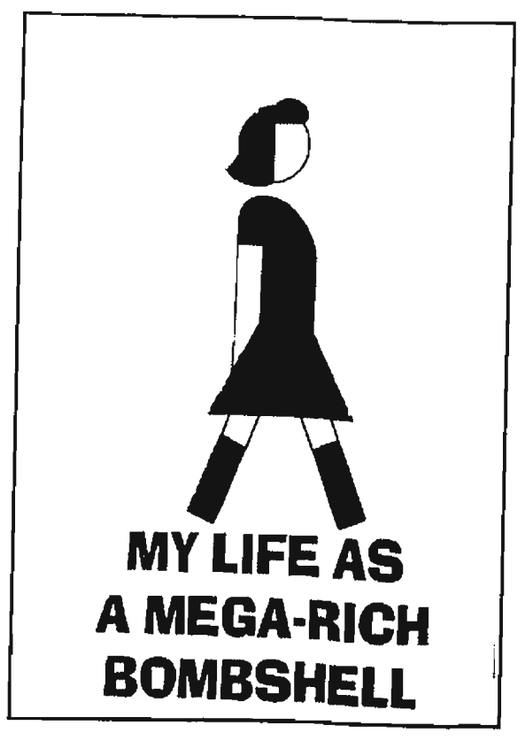
Rebecca: Where do you think you'll go with these zines? Is this purely a hobby or...?

Marissa: Ultimately I want to write many wonderful stories and books and Bombshell is something I'm doing along the way...

Abbie: All these projects are coming up, like I want to do a cook book and I want to do a comic book and if I hadn't done Losergurrl I probably never would have thought of doing (them)...



*i want to write my own zine...to communicate to others about my scene...or maybe I could start off by contibuting to others' zines. so why not you? why not now? To write to Abbie or Marisa about their zines contact them c/- PO Box 808, Spring Hill 4000 (**Losergurrl**), PO Box 631, Fortitude Valley, 4006 (**My Life as a Megarich Bombshell**), or PO Box 1526, Fortitude Valley, 4006 (**Brokensockses**).*



zine-ing

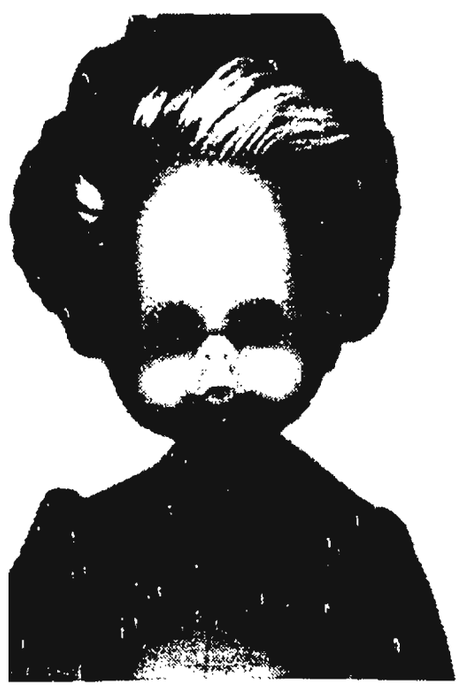
in a way it's sort of like being invited into someone's personal diary. quirky observations and reminiscences on life are something we can all relate to. childhood, the hilarity of pop music, inner-city living, and leaving. even the font makes a difference. print is personal. many **zines** *are written by hand but they don't give you the awkward sense you get when reading someone else's real diary. not that I've done that before.*

i walk nonchalantly into red books in brunswick street in the valley, to pick up another **zine**. *i flick through a few before realising I am broke and perhaps can only afford* **social stupidity**. *i think to myself: do need to be informed? am I socially stupid? it's A4 in size, larger than the others, sort of aesthetically appealing. but when I take it home I feel alienated. it is a* **zine** *primarily devoted to sound. it's probably a really great guide for those inclined to hit the town every week and hear the bands, but for me, it wasn't my scene. but there are so many* **zines** *around and emerging.*

interviews and story by rebecca jacka.
additional information courtesy of
Semper 1997 (issue 7).

TAKING THE TENT

The tents have come down and the landscape is littered with empty chip packets and discarded strands of fairy floss. Or is it? Mainstream commentators have dismissed the recent LOUD festival as disposable youth culture, criticised its funding, and raised anti-Boomer conspiracy-theories. But there's always other perspectives...



lisa burnett, of digitarts (www.digitarts.va.com.au) ***felt a once-off festival was disappointing because it doesn't provide opportunities to learn from experience.***

"People missed the point that **LOUD** was a festival of arts and culture, and have criticised it because they've thought it was just art - criticising work and judging it as art."

"It provided some opportunities for young people that they would not otherwise have had, but otherwise...I think the majority of people who participated in **LOUD** *were* the advantaged. (having) access to equipment, knowledge, networks."

LOUD aimed to get into the established areas of commercial television and the established press but it means knowing the right people. Even with funding and publicity, these appear to be unpenetrable areas.

brett fyfield, of QaNTm Youthworks@Metro
believes new media offers so much opportunity for self-promotion:

"The reason that mainstream media is so defensive and elitist is that they fear new media. That's not such a bad thing, because it leaves the door open for many people to do good things and reach a much broader audience."

"**LOUD** has been really good in terms of providing access for youth to media, but I think to really capitalise on what has happened during the past month youth have got to approach media with the same enthusiasm and determination in order to get things done and get their message out there."

"It's time to start creating your own attention economy, paying attention to things that are important to you and using the great sea of information out there to have people pay attention to you and what you're doing."

"People have to be educated that there are alternatives."

SEMPER'S CONSERVATIVE VIEWPOINT?

by Sara Synnot

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound!

Yet this *Semper* editor still managed to miss most of January's **LOUD** festival - probably because she was looking in the wrong places, confused by the promotional explosion which presented **LOUD** as 'solution' to a lockout of young people in the mainstream media.

That's the *mainstream* media, as represented by the tabloid press and commercial current affairs and the 'quality' newspapers and magazines which, Mark Davis convincingly suggests, shape the 'ideas' market for at least an 'educated' section of the Australian population. But LOUD, LOUDly promoted as an independent, contemporary platform for young people's self-expression, arguably chose to counter this lockout in less than effective ways. Its 'takeover' targeted what we may see to be already comparatively youth-friendly spaces, such as the Internet, instead of the influential' conventional media.

While improvement of skills and introduction of new technologies is a necessary and commendable service to young people, **LOUD** seems to make certain confident but problematic presumptions about 'diversity' of ideas, namely that consumers of conventional media will actively seek out other more alien voices, at a time when contemporary journalism still parades itself through authoritative discourses as an all-encompassing 'truthteller' and

DOWN ON LOUD

jane curtis, online editor of NOISE, the LOUD e-zine (interview via via email)

"I think one big reason why **LOUD** came about was that young people (and their ideas, opinions and ways of expressing themselves) are largely ignored/marginalised/stereotyped/commercialised by the mainstream media and society in general...

"From what I can see, **LOUD** sought to challenge these perceptions and celebrate the creativity and diversity of youth culture as expressed in different forms of media. They did this by providing incentives, opportunities and SPACES for young people to create and show their ideas and talents. I think LOUD has been successful to a large extent in fulfilling this aim."

"....after **LOUD** is over, while everything goes back to 'normal', there are a whole lot of young people out there who just had a huge buzz cos their stuff got published on the internet in a national webzine, they managed to get in touch with zinemakers, they read about what people are doing in Arnhem Land, they saw a documentary by a young filmmaker or whatever."

Youth Arts Queensland is compiling a survey on the effectiveness of LOUD - you only need to have "experienced" the festival in some way (ie as a media consumer) to respond. Copies of the survey are available from the *Semper* office.

public service. What effect will this have on how young people are perceived through this media? **LOUD** also appears to have missed a vital opportunity to ingratiate young writers into this stauchly conventional but still influential media space. Such criticisms make it difficult to see how **LOUD** can fulfill its brief to "empower a generation".

Most problematic also is the idea that Australian youth are only 'permitted' to access media for one month every year... The difference between a Media Festival and Youth Access to Media is that one concept aligns itself with 'entertainment', while the other is a crucial recognition of the need for diversity of voices and experiences within the public sphere. And where will youth access go from here? For what reason, for example, has the festival closed **NOISE**, its online magazine? **NOISE** enabled writers to electronically submit material to a site with a public profile and potentially global audience - an extraordinarily useful space considering the startup costs of the print media.

It is this distinction - between the concept of festival and public sphere - which leads us in the end to view the 'solution' presented by **LOUD** with a fair degree of scepticism.

Semper welcomes further comment on this issue.

Margaret Smithurst spent time hocking

JOHN SAFRAN GUERILLA MEDIA MAN

Margaret: Hello.
So what are you doing in these post-single, post-*Race Around the World* days apart from hanging around Shock Records and cadging interstate phonecalls?

John: Nothing much, that's pretty much the whole deal - interstate phonecalls, preferably wasting other people's vital resources. I'm sure everyone who pays their student union fees up at the Uni of Queensland will be very happy to know that they've voted for interstate phone calls with John Safran. Money well spent.

M: Well you are famous for your ability to do good in any situation and on a low budget. But how are you handling all this new-found fame?

J: Well I haven't actually reached that *benefit level* of fame yet. No one really does *me any favours.*

M: Except throw ABC docos your way.

J: Ah yes. But you're making out in REAL things, I thought you meant in superficial things. They're what count in my life. Like when you get a few free CDs from Shock. I picked *up about 25 Deff Metal CDs last time I was here - I was a* bit selective and guilty at first, "O thankyou thankyou" and all that, but now I walk straight through and pick up one of everything. Doesn't matter if they're Deff Metal, I'll just sit there and go RAHHHH *(makes Deff Metal noises into the phone)*

M: *You had a Shock shirt on the last time I spoke to you {that interview disappeared into a tape}* so you've really got into the trappings of your new contract. No more nude runs for you unless you've got Shock on your bottom.

J: I'll have to get a free skin graft as well.

M: *From a commercial station perhaps. So this single* you've popped out, where does it come from?

J: I dunno really. It's one of those things where you're walking down the street and thinking about the Baz Luhrmann one getting too much JJJ airplay and well, I'd been bagging the concept of a novelty single in my mind ever since I came back. It was a joke that I'd always sneak into my interviews when they'd ask what are I was going to do next - I'd say "Oh, release a single and fade into oblivion". I like the single idea, no commitment.

M: The isolated pisstake in the bigger pisstake genre of your career. You have silly buggers down to a fine and lucrative art, you know. But why the lovely Baz and not someone else's? Baz's song had such textbook potential for the younger generation, yours could be a bit of a worry for some of the sillier ones.

He careens, scams, is post-ironic and reckons with a low moral ground. That's why we like him

J: I do get hassled a bit, called tasteless and offensive. But there was one time on the radio when this irate parent rang in and pulled me up for telling kids that sort of stuff, and then the DJ asked her if she smoked and she said "Yeah, Winnie Blues". So where do they get off pretending that some sarcastic song has more influence over their kids than them?

M: Well it's teaching the kids irony isn't it?

J: It's not really ironic though. Actually I'm really against irony, I don't know why. I'm probably post-irony, if that exists.

M: Silly buggers is instinctive for you.

J: mmm... But I'm getting good vibes about the song, I've got younger cousins you see, and apparently there's a real connection because parents are listening to it and teachers are playing it at schools.

M: So you've become the mediating voice of a generation?

J: Not really. I just imagine that if I were in high school, I'd be getting all that down my throat regardless of the quality of the original. So I may as well get in there and do it with a different edge.

M: So what is the scheme other than to careen through as many media as you can? Will we be seeing some Safran Installation art soon?

J: Interpretive dance, preferably.

M: On the radio?

J: No, nothings's worth doing unless you're filming yourself doing it. There's no point in just existing and living real life.

M: Just as there's no point in being in Jerusalem unless you're naked and on film and no point in being in Disneyland unless you can sling dirt at Walt. That was impressive. Where was the idea for that one?

J: Well, I'd had to figure out what to do. When I left I had no idea - that's why my first three were really on the lame side. And *then* I figured it out. Everything else was just as bad, but it was just as bad *within a style*. Then Disneyland came along and I thought, oh man, there's got to be something I can do with this place.
I'd read the book on Walt Disney before so I rang a friend in Australia to send it out for the quotes, big researcher that I am.

M: A bit of a quick-thinking slap in the face for an old Nazi *from a young Jewish lad. Now tell me, and this is a* more general inquiry but since you're now an international kind of man, what are your views on biological weapons?

J: My views?

M: Sorry, I should word it better. Saddam and his hoard?

J: Ah... Well I'm sure that the other side has just as many awful weapons. I dunno, I guess that vaguely and in the general sense I'm against death. Will that do, in its vaguest interpretation?

M: It's a very good foreign policy.
Jumping onto another track now, a quick *TV Hits* style question just for our First Years who've been brought up on that junk - *Who is your favourite Soapie actor?*

J: Oh... mmm. Maybe the blind chick from RAW FM.

M: Ah. So what do you think of that TV show?

J: Well I'm just about to sign with the ABC and I've got into a bit of trouble before on this 'Say whatever you feel about ABC personalities' stuff, if you get my drift.

M: Onwards then. So how long will the Doco run for?

J: I'll be pushing it trying to dig them out to half an hour. Even that's a bit long.

M: Will it be *Race Around the Block* this time around?

J: No I'm steering clear of my roots on this one.

M: Why don't you try a game show approach?

J: I really much prefer the writing side. Like with the song - I didn't sing it, I just went in there and proposed it and they were like, 'Yeah!'.

M: Did they grab you because of *Race Around the World*?

J: Oh definitely. Most people that you interact with in television or music or radio don't really get things - the formula runs along the 'Oh this guy's been on telly' lines and that lets you release a single.

M: A bit Hollywood, really.

J: But then you see, I can imagine people watching *Race* and thinking that that guy could really do something.

M: And can't you just? All that creative energy and only so many media spaces. You're here there and everywhere, you are. But I think people like that, particularly the young'uns, all that mad irreverance.

J: I'll be disappointing them very soon. But no matter how much I disappoint people, it'll never be as much as *The Simpsons* have by doing that KFC commercial.

M: Ah yes, *that* sell-out.

J: It really hurt me, like death. I mean they've done merchandising before but there was no real connection. But this - it's the actual cartoon. There's a KFC store in the cartoon.

M: Maybe there's money in it? Maybe it's a double-pisstake? Matt Groening's still laughing but with a different part of his mouth.

J: I don't know how they're rationalising this one. He used to be really cool - they had a magazine where they'd print examples of the most illegal use of their characters.

M: What would you do if we did that to you? Put your bottom on the front cover for example?

J: Well, the best thing about taking the low moral ground in everything is that you resign yourself to the fact that that stuff happens. I don't even want to tell you this, but there was a bit in a woman's magazine about me, a snippet.

M: Who were you married to?

J: It was like "John has raced around the world and still hasn't found the girl of his dreams". They'd rung me up and done an interview like this one where everything was covered and at ONE point they must've asked something about who I was going out with and I'd said "No one" and then they'd made this thing around it.

M: What a nasty nasty scheme.

J: And I didn't worry about it, thinking that no one reads W___ D__ and then my friends rang me up and were hanging it on me, all laughing and going on.

M: Then you'll just have to pay the magazine back with some rude exposure on your doco.

J: Maybe, but again it comes down to no matter how low they go, I've been down there and further. So really, I can't do anything about it.

M: So is there a cause, a big cause with your name on it?

J: That wrecks it a bit - if you can outlay it in a documentary it seems better than being really literal about it. I've supported heaps of stuff in the past and generally the points I make are far less dogmatic than the people who support them would like me to be. You know what I mean? People really like that dogma stuff. The Disney story for example. It was only one story out of ten but everyone was like - "Oh man, anti-capitalism yeah!" da-na-dada and so on.
I meant everything I said in it but it doesn't mean *everything*. I think the premise of it all should be fun.

M: You were in advertising before this, what did you do before that?

J: After school? The Journalism course at RMIT and an advertising course at nights. A decision had to come at some stage and I'd deferred once to do an ad job but when I went back it wasn't the same. I'm not a sitting down and writing essays kind of person. Uni's not a bad thing, 80 years of life and only four at an institution. But in my case I'm really bad at working with stuff on which I have absolutely no interest. If I like it, though, then I go really hard at it. But it's sometimes hard to take that broader picture.

M: Agreed. Uni's a difficult place to be stuck in if you're an itching-to-apply kind of person. So if this renegade journalism career falls through, which it may very well not, will you go back to advertising?

J: I've had offers. PR for record companies, maybe.

M: It's as simple as a nude run with their name on your bottom.

FOR KIDS

The Goodies
Who became a respectable ornithologist and now writes occasional articles for *The Spectator*? (hint: It's not the obvious choice)
Which Australian icon of the folk-ballad scene was subjected to obnoxious treatment, constantly?

G-FORCE, BATTLE OF THE PLANETS
True or False: G-Force began as a Manga porno in Japan? (hint: the shot of Princess' undies in the intro)

Monkey
From what ancient and dryly funny Chinese Buddhist story, based on the 14 year journey of the monk, Hsuan Tsang to India via Central Asia, was this Japanese version appropriated?
(hint: it was dubbed into English better)
True or False: Sandy was a fallen angel who resorted to cannibalism because he had problematic work place skills.

Astroboy
Which ones of you passed off your dinner-table farts with the words, "Well at least I'm not shooting people like Astroboy does" and carried on eating...?

Danger Mouse
Argue for the small sidekick's tragi-comic role in boosting the character of Danger Mouse
(Hint: "Penfold, shush.")
Would MI5 stoop to employing rodents? (Hint: Yes)

Yes, Minister!
Anyone who can prove that they watched this as a child and understood all the nuances gets a column space in the next Semper.
Who noticed the bound-edition of 'The Prince' in Humphrey's left breast pocket, just above his heart?

Inspector Gadget
Anyone who can prove that they watched this as a child and didn't understand all the nuances, gets a job typing the contents page for the next Semper, free.
What was the name of Penny's dog and was its role in the series an intriguing metaphor for Gadget Consciousness?

Doctor Who
What does TARDIS stand for and can you register with the government for some?
True or False: Adric had a highly visible erection in one episode.
Has the Doctor finished paying the TARDIS off?

Penelope Keith
Did P.K. (as her friends know her) ever play a character who was anything less than refined, graceful and elegant?
Did P.K. ever play a remotely realistic portrayal of a modern woman?
Did anyone care?
What was the name of P.K's butler in 'To the Manor Born'?

The Wombles
Who won the Womble Wimbledon of 1956?
Why were the Wombles never questioned over the stabbing of Monica Seles?
What percentage of the Wombles were kleptomaniacs?

Popping Cultural Psychology

Australian researcher and author of *Inventing Australia and Re-inventing Australia*, Hugh Mackay, has continued his populist form of social research in his new book **Generations: Baby Boomers, their parents and their children.**

Work on family relations and intergroup communication between generations has always fallen well into the categories of sociology and social psychology. But while the information generated by research has largely remained the property of an elitist academic circle, it is also used to implement policy which affects us all. MackayÕs books seek to overcome this cultural gap by using an accessible writing style free from jargon.

In **Generations,** he argues Australia has three different generations: the Lucky generation, the Boomers generation, and the Options generation, all of which hold different beliefs and attitudes. But the Options generation, which consists of people born in the seventies, is facing radical shifts in attitudes when compared with its predecessors. According to Mackay, people born in this time perceive themselves to have greater freedom to choose their destiny than past generations. But they are also bounded by institutional factors such as the economy, family, media and government at levels far greater than ever before.

At the crux of Mackay's argument lies the fact that unemployment among the Options generation is higher than any other age group. Financial insecurity means people in this group are marrying later, having fewer children and not acquiring assets. While Mackay puts forth some convincing qualitative data to support his argument, he falls into the trap of over generalising the issue and offers no real conclusions about why this situation might be occurring.

However, he does raise the important issue of how society creates the ties that bind: how individuals create the institutions which shape our behaviour and attitudes. Previous generations help to shape these institutions, which then affect the next generation, and definite correlations exist between the changing faces of institutions and the behaviours of groups.

But Mackay takes on an almost moralistic tone in defending the Lucky and the Boomer generation; denigrating the Options generation as existing in a state of anomie. Surprisingly, he hasn't noted the Lucky generation and the Boomers were born after major institutional upheaval: the Lucky generation had the Depression, and the Boomers World War Two. Unless you count disco, the popularisation of moustaches and the death of Elvis, the Options generation had nothing.

It is, however, worth noting the importance of the media's role in creating the Options anomie. We receive the bulk of our information from the media, which helps to create and support the myths this book uses as dependant variables. While the media has shaped all three generations, the Options generation is privy to a host of information previously unheard of. Traditionally, the media, through advertising, has told people what they want, but new technologies such as the internet and public acess television, enable us to hear an alternative worldview not dominated by business interests. Combined with the rising popularity of fanzines and greater participation in tertiary education, the Options generation takes a more cynical and sceptical view of established myths and institutions. We question it more, and do wait and assess all our options. This is not to say we are all discerning critics of media content, Advertisers and writers have observed that they helped to create and perpetuate the myths associated with the Options generation. But having more choice destabilises any"right' path.

MackayÕs book provides a good generalised overview of generational conflict and change. It's a good dose of pop sociology, but just remember to keep your options open.

Cameron Lawson is a 3rd year Sociology student.

My Life as an IRC Junkie

In the beginning God created the stand alone PC. Yet the PC was without platform, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the desktop. And the spirit of God moved on the face of the monitor.

And God said let there be light; and there was the light, and it was amber. And God saw the light, and it was good: So God divided the light from the darkness and called it a window. And God called the light the active window and the darkness was called the inactive window.

And God made an application to inhabit these windows. And God saw it was good and called it IRC. And this was the second day.....

On the seventh day God had her nails done.
And on the eighth day humanity discovered IRC.....

IRC Internet relay chat is a miracle sweeping the world. IRC is an interactive area of the Internet which allows people from around the world to talk (well more correctly type) to each other, virtually instantaneously. This may not sound too addictive but apparently it is: there is a new brand of walking dead who call themselves IRC junkies. IRC is undoubtedly a drug, a most addictive drug with an insidious nature, as it feeds off the users' need to socialise. Like all drugs its not in itself bad and in some cases it's even medicinal, (well that's the line I'm pushing and sticking to it) but it is not uncommon for the socially inept to become super extroverts.

To the newbie (Internet speak for a newcomer to IRC) IRC is a confusing and difficult medium with its own perils and pitfalls. The first major hurdle for any net virgin is the language. Net users have a shocking habit of abbreviating. Anything they type is crushed into the fewest keystrokes possible. Supposedly this reduces the amount of information sent over the network and therefore speeds things up a bit. But the real reason is that people are too lazy to type words out in full if it's possible to abbrev.

Like all ghettos, the Internet has its own dialect. Users will often find themselves hanging with the same hardcore chatters, which generally leads them to believe that they have friends. These users often have a strange way of spelling things (yet another argument for low radiation monitor). This is just their way of showing they know the virtual ropes and aren't one of the dreaded pathetic newbies.

A rose by any other name is still a rose, but it would sound rather silly. Just as your appearance can convey whether you are old or young , a member of the young Libs or a punk rocker, your nick indicates who and what you are. It can indicate your intentions, or it can hide these completely. Your nick name is the body of your online existence, and can be as similar or different from your actual body as you chose to make it. A users online persona can be entirely different from their personality IRL (in real life, a concept many chatters find hard to grasp).
Life in the gender blender - One girl's story of being a boy.

He was wearing a Canterbury jersey, a pair of small nylon football shirts and a set of sandals. He resided in one of the best colleges on campus, for all intents and purposes he was a MAN" (until he logged on to the net that is). As was just described, it's not uncommon for men to masquerade as women and vice versa on the net. This doesn't mean the net is full of confused semi-trans-bi-sexual individuals with an identity crisis. Gender-bending (that's what it's called) occurs all the time and its done by healthy people, out for a lark, or just a bit of fun. To throw a stereotype, it's usually straight men pretending to be women to virtually get it on with a lesbian (honestly, the things people do for thrills!) or even to try and fool another man into thinking they're a woman. I'm told it can be heaps of fun :^)

My friend is an Identity slut ! I bet you wonder what that is... let me explain. As has been demonstrated on numerous occasions by yet another net junkie, it is quite possible to maintain several nicks / identities at once, each with their own language set, style, personality and flair. Now for the question on everybody's virtual lips... WHY ??

The net is a new and exciting medium of information interchange, but it can be dangerous. There are some people on the net who have the power to crash your PC, through loop holes in the network (these people are few and far between but becoming more common, and are generally the archetypal nerd). In order to protect against this situation, some people operate two nicks at once, so that if one is attacked the other can react. People also use different nicks for different moods, eg 'Bitch', 'Smelly' and 'Hard-on'.

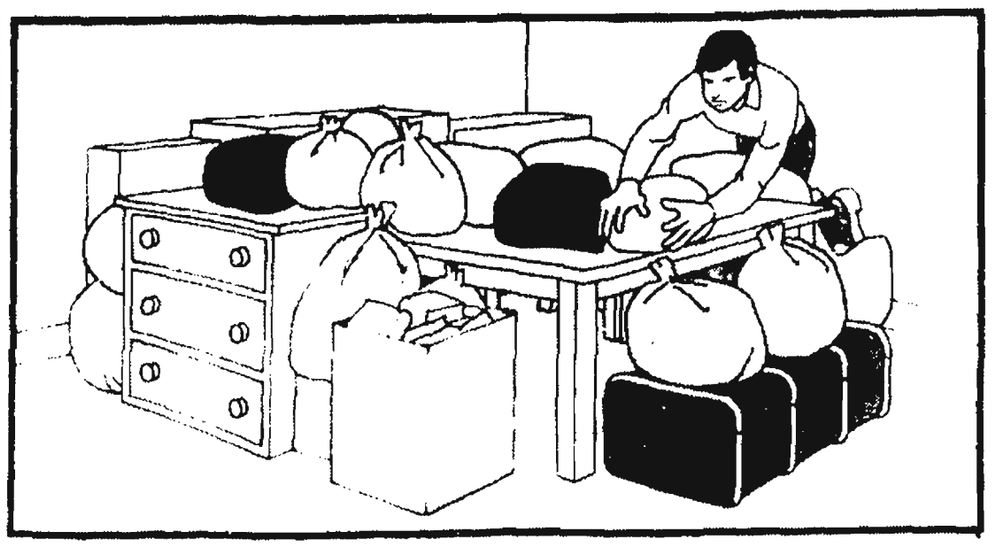
It is possible that someone may make virtual friendships with people who like one nick and hate the other! This also raises the question of whether a friend on the net is really a friend at all. You could pass them in the street 15 times a day and not know them from the cat next door... is that really a friend ? And this brings to light the most important issue of the net and IRC. What is real about it ?

All that is real about IRC is that hundreds of thousands of ineffective communicators around the world are tapping on their computers pretending they have real friends and a real life. So tell me Asteroth, does this magazine *Semper* really exist, or are you just trying to chat me up?

Written composed performed and arranged by
Diva D

ISBN 0-486-23766-4

Exhumed! Remains found, no change: coroner



So we have decided to begin by looking back. Learn the lessons of history and what not.

1973, oh what a year! Politics was oozing out of every pore and orifice conceivable. And then there were the truly mind boggling parts. How many students needed, or even wanted, to know how to milk a goat? Many articles are rather, well, hippiesque. Whether it's bush craft or bush survival, you can't help but develop the horrible fear that a Nimbin communal shower is about to attack you. That aside, the 1973 *Semper* was VERY progressive on such things as women's and gay rights. (Mr Murdoch you don't treat me right like *Semper* does.)

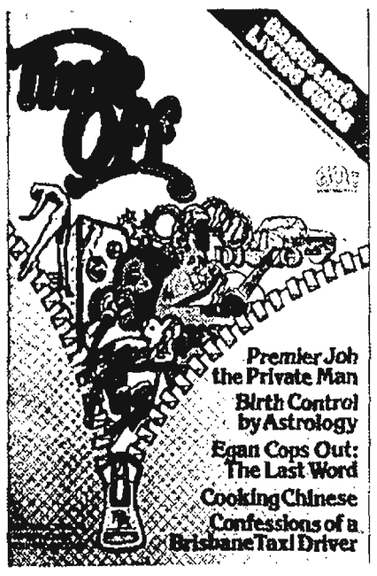
1976 is worthy of a mention, as the Editors Ms Julianne Schultz and Ms Jane Camens dealt with things as diverse as the environment and censorship, with the odd 'torture a penis' joke for good measure. Subverting reality was the name of the game, and it was a little hard to tell where the reality stopped and where the garden path began. Still, these good women weren't afraid to take on the big issues. I just think the 'metal umbrella' gag was a little tasteless, that's all.

1979 was the year of my birth and to be honest I'm glad I was too small to remember the grand proceedings of the time: police and state corruption, women's and gay lib, not to mention the importance and difficulty of becoming then staying 'cool'. What difficult times they were.

Semper was but a slip of a magazine produced fortnightly (they had contributors - quite a luxury these days) and was temporarily renamed (gag) *Time Off*. I suppose they had a lot of time on their hands then. The magazine is roughly the size of the *Sunday Mail TV Guide* but a lot thicker, and without Kimberley Davis on the cover. (It may be of interest to note that the Editors of *Semper* aka *Time Off* then went and created the newspaper *Time Off* the non-*Semper* variety).

The very first issue bravely pronounces this to be THE quality cultural magazine Brisbane sorely needs. Looking back through *Time Off* I have to agree. Brisbane was a shit hole. Whether or not it is still a shit hole is open to debate. The only diversions seem to be politics or sex - which are greatly examined throughout the year. One article is dedicated to 'Gay Graffiti', but I suppose sex sells right?

Jumping forward a mere two years we hit 1981. *Semper* as it's now known again is refreshingly free of the Alex P. Keating (*Family Ties*) style of thinking. You know:



make a million and then eat some poor people. In 1981 we worried about imminent nuclear death, the media, the environment, not to mention the importance and difficulty of becoming, then staying, 'cool'. The more things change the more they stay the same. A wise old lady said that to me, but she's dead now so I think we can safely say that she didn't have the slightest idea what she was on about.

It's interesting to note that one of the editors of 1981 was Anne Jones. I could suggest there was some sort of link there to Alan Jones, the nation's number two talk show host. But that would be a complete lie. Despite this, the Editors showed a flair rarely seen for good, honest and sturdy journalism, which is probably why none of them work at the *Courier Snail*.

1984 was the subject of George Orwell's famous novel named oddly enough *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. This novel defined the feeling of 1948 when it was written. The fear then was, that in 1984, the year not the book, the world would be ruled by three totalitarian super powers who would watch and spy on every citizen while endless war raged in the background.

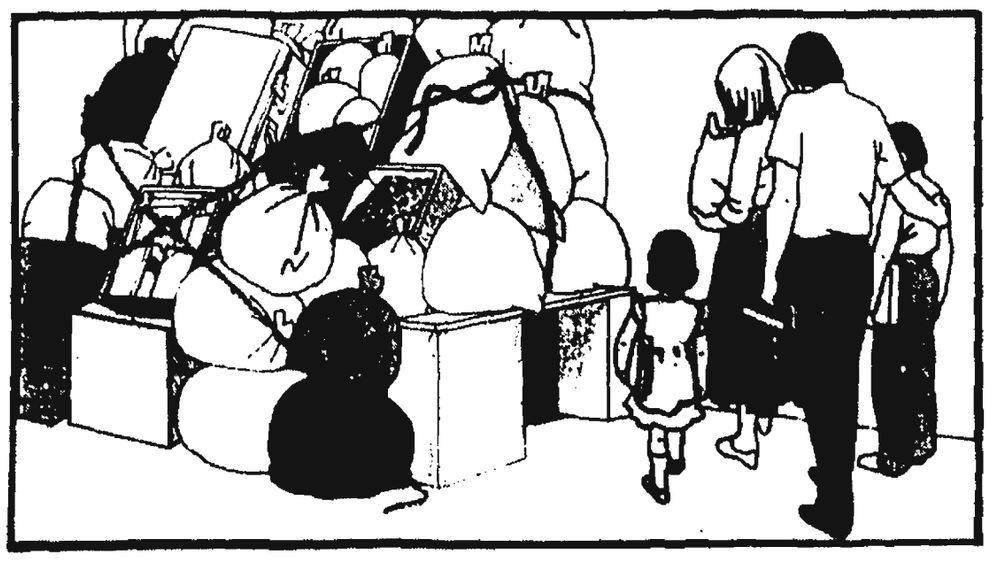
In 1984 we were concerned with religion, sexual harassment, secret (ish) societies, not to mention the importance and difficulty of becoming and then staying 'cool'.

From the very start *Semper* begins with a lengthy debate about how language is patriarchal and oppresses women, after an unfortunate pun about the 'Apple and Grape' festival being the 'Grapple and Rape' festival. Some people should think a little before considering a pun. It could have been a lot worse and taken some poor child's head off.

Also of great concern was the incredible shrinking Wouf week, in which students held pram races and organised pranks for the benefit of all and sundry. One traditional prank was to pose as workmen and redirect the traffic on the William Jolly Bridge. In an unusual twist students noting workers doing road works close to university grounds phoned the police telling them it was students involved in prank week. The intrepid students then phoned the Brisbane City Council claiming students dressed as policemen were trying to move the road workers along their merry way. Not that I'm trying to incite you to anything.

Then there was the fear of nuclear death. Let me ask you, do you have enough sand to build a shelter around your kitchen table? If your kitchen table is like mine it would promptly collapse on you. Wouldn't that be embarrassing? To survive the blast only to be crushed by a table! Echoes of the 1950s, when you could decontaminate yourself with a quick sweep over with a nylon

brush? I'll end my tale here because some old woman is harping on about change again. Odd, I thought they buried that old duck years ago.



STUDENT MEDIA

...just you try, Rupert Murdoch

... enough of your presumptions

There is much emphasis on the participation of school-leavers in higher education. Yet this emphasis ignores the valid experiences of another new entrant to higher education, namely the Mature Age student, about whom many myths abound. For the purposes of this social analysis, we will refer to the Mature Age species as Studentus Matureus, and the school-leaver as studentus schoolleaverus.

It is often assumed that Studentus Matureus comes to university to reclaim its youth. Implicit in this notion is a line of thought which deems the Mature Age student a 'cradle-snatcher'. This is not the case. While there may be exceptions, the vast majority of Mature Age students come to university to improve their education. The time Studentus Matureus spends recognising and admiring the vigour of schoolleaverus is an essential rite of passage, which reveals to Matureus the fatuity of its hope of regaining its fragile youth. Once having accepted this fact, Studentus Matureus often turns to a more cerebral path, attempting to display boundless wisdom and knowledge. This decision manifests itself as the putative King Solomon: earbashing some poor, careless soul with liberal doses of advice about nothing in particular.

The Studentus Matureus is often known for its parsimony; that is, its thrift, or care with money, and its concern about 'value for money'. Many attend university wishing they had already been there, given that had they attended at first opportunity in the 70s or 80s, it would have been free. Matureus is therefore aware of the cost of every lecture or tutorial. And they are also the sort of student most likely to grizzle when they feel they're not getting value for money. The Matureus also often displays technophobic tendencies, many having worked in computer-free environments before coming to a place of Higher Learning.

Studentus Matureus is likely to have lived through the Hawke and Bjelke-Peterson eras, and read about the Fitzgerald Inquiry as adults. Hence, they think they know a lot more than the studentus schoolleaverus. But this scenerio does not always ring true. Mature Age students are often no more politically or socially aware than school-leavers. Their ignorance is masked by the skilful bluster of a Mature Age Hustler, and by others' assumptions that Age equals Knowledge. It is often perceived that Matureus studies better and gains better grades than other students. Common wisdom suggests Mature Age students are better at organising their time than other students. It is closer to the truth that Matureus is better at hiding its disorganisation.

Studentus Matureus faces many problems, including disjuncture from its peers, some of whom have attended university as school-leaverus, and now have jobs in the 'real world'. A student suffering from this disjuncture is often a thorny individual. Having set themselves adrift from the comfort of the weekly pay check, they seek the University experience as a rite of passage, which will allow them into circles of animated discussion over beer and prawns, coffee and quiche, perhaps like a ship in search of an anchor.

The age disparity between Matureus and school-leaverus may be numerically small but can manifest itself as a veritable chasm, except when the species shows itself to be as immature, even more so, than studentus schoolleaverus. Some Mature Age students have families, creating tension. Campus attendance allows Matureus to break out from the squeeze of domesticity. Many mistakenly hanker for the opportunity to proffer their opinions in the student newspaper. This activity allows Matureus to satisfy its urge to be noticed and regarded as a person of worth, purveying ill-informed generalisations as unfunny humour.

This experience is, like many of the Mature Age student's ideas, a false dawn. Studentus Matureus is destined to pass through University life as just another student: they will have more wrinkles, more debts, be more cynical, less idealistic. In the final analysis, when nothing remains but skin and bare bones, Mature Age students, like any students, could be likened to a porn star with a small penis. It's not the size or in this case the age of the product, it's how you use it.

Jeff Grehan

ENTHEOGENS

(We highlighted the best bits)

by Craig Reutens

Humanity - what a convenient title for the lexicon of emotional landscapes we inhabit. Yet in an increasingly complex and savage world, we need to cling to certain core values which elevate the freedom to express, to harmonise, to *be*. It is my belief that the moral intelligentsia of the world recognises that only through cultivation of and application of such lessons, will we as a species spiritually evolve.

Current drug legislation and policy is blatantly out of touch with the developments of our era; the media, in their ignorance of the true make-up of drugs, promotes blanket scare-mongering among the people - thus, the conscientious reader must read between the lines and not lose sight of the important role entheogens play within our community, i.e. **'virtual' exploration of one's consciousness at a grassroots level.**

By entheogens, I am speaking of those naturally derived substances which bring us closer to the god within ourselves and others. I speak primarily about Marijuana, LSD **(& mushies)**, PCP (peyote), DMT, Salvis, ZCB, MDMA (Ecstasy), N2O (bulbs/laughing gas), Ketamine (PCP analogue). **This list is not all-inclusive.**

Each has its own distinct 'personality' but shares common traits and **each is, for all intensive purposes, harmless if used in moderation.** They don't generate violence but they do **offer visas to realms of awe-inspiring, heart-rending beauty within ourselves that would be otherwise inaccessible in the everyday human experience.** I guess that's part of their magic, which with perserverance, faith, commonsense **and money** can make a person resonate with eloquence.
Overcome your conceit. What do you think sparked off the chaos theory, fractalesque artworks, music, advertising and so on? Damn right.

To those not on The Journey, but who see fit to criticise and obstruct those who are, well - I never trust movie critics, so there.
How shallow and arbitrary is the concept of **escape when you can learn to make everywhere your home.** I ask those people to consider what it means to love a good, honest, sunshiny Queensland day or the smell of the earth when it rains, for this is about as 'evil' and addictive as entheogens get.

To sceptics of decriminalisation: the bell-curve of the human spectrum will always exist, but I argue that the **numbers of miscreants will decrease as laws blend in with family values to induce the upbringing of increasingly well-rounded, worldy children.** Quality, not quantity of life, as I believe the saying goes.

Also, let's not forget that bad laws make bad cops. For instance, to expect World Vision workers fo UN peacekeepers to operate effectively whilst themselves in the grip of famine is foolish and ultimately unnacceptable. Likewise, to expect QLD police to forgo personal drug-taking whilst themselves in the grip of a legal curfew is just plain stupid. They have rights to The Journey, just like us.

Marijuana is *really the cornerstone to any overall* drug (entheogen) policy. It is already decriminalised in the ACT, South Australia and New South Wales. My question at this critical time is, **do you consider yourself a bloody sub-parochial Australian or a free-thinking person able to enjoy the fruits that have been serendipitously bestowed *upon us?***

To emerge successfully from our **self-imposed Ice-Age of spiritual indolence requires curiosity and courage, none of that "I hate acid because it makes me think too much" mentality.** Be proud to plead guilty to the desire to retain your *humanity in any state of mind*. This, surely, is an art and worth your learning and our collective treasuring.

Craig is a board-member of High Society, *so he may well mean 'our collective treasuring' in its other sense, the financial one.*

...and the trolls emerge

a warm introduction to the First Years

The University of Queensland is one of the most pleasant campi in Australia - tranquil and relentlessly manicured. There are three or four approaches by road and bus routes eventually direct themselves into this pocket of the refidex. As well, that civilised and quasi-continental super-slug, the City Cat, powers into its slot down behind the only lake the Nazi ducks aren't qualified to patrol - the pool.
Over the holidays the footpaths and foyers are vacuumed for corpses but during term time the grounds just seethe with restless life. Marvellous...
Inciting. Wacky. Three capitalised words just aren't enough to convey it all. How about Disestablishmentarianism? Now there's a word. Leave applying it for the older chuggers though as you should be aiming to keep all your time here in the no-fuss department. The years will slip by like court cases off the US president.

THE MOST PRESSING FIRST YEAR AGENDAS

The Look
Usually there's a sartorial Woolies freshness about First Years that lasts about a month and dissipates into a riot of slackwear. There is a New Gear designed around this concept - *cruisin' minimalism*. For those in the cupboard, it's just the old tracky daks shrunk to lower sizes. Easy.
Of course, you all received regulation skate shoes and construction sunnies in the O-Week bag - they're the basics.
Market Day will give you a new shirt; head off to a Valley op shop for some corduroys. Put the paint charts aside as colour isn't important, it all blurs into brown at 30 feet - bring that down to 5 feet with your choices.
A bag? Stuff a record cover.
Guide your walking style towards an intelligent-looking head-down lope, aiming for a hollow flop of your oversized sole on the pavement.
And wear a hat, you silly duffers.

Alcoholic Considerations
Where you fit, you go.

The R.E. (Toowong) is the uni pub of note, i.e. it has Coopers on Tap. From the 60s to the early 90s it was the Student Trough. Now it has a black-tie dress code for Thursday nights. Good for a couple of humble hours on a Tuesday.

Heading further into the city, there's that fairy-lit Western barn, **The Paddo**. This has a strict dress code and it's Ug boots and flannel.

Up the street are the **Caxton** and its coterie of flesh wounds, **Casablanca, Club LA** and **The Underground.** The people who consistently go to these places are immaculately ironed and unbelievably boring, every single one of them. This part of town is also one of the more careless so when someone's head gets bashed through a window, the police don't arrive for half and hour and then leave almost immediately, it makes you wonder who's running things over there.

Into the city now and there's not much for elaboration. College students get thrown into **Alice's** and the **Criterion** fairly early on, while **Friday's** and **City Rowers** are too slick to allow punter shortage.
The Dubliners is an Irish pub with an age bracket in the 50s. Of the lot, go to this one - it'll remind you to ring your mother.

The Valley is where the fast living is, but you do have to think about your appearance. Have a friend spray-paint your body and pull on a pair of tight orange flares. Both sexes should slap on a backpack.

The Empire and **Super Deluxe** have a strict *un-dress* code but because they're patrolled by bouncers who are notorious for wearing obnoxious Chambray, punters in suits groovy enough for the London scene have been turned away. If you desperately want to go there, you can go to courses to learn how it works. The idea is that style should be innate. Perfect for tight-bodied dancing.

If you are consistently refused entry, head up the street to **Dooley's** and revel with the more laid-back long-haired louts. Every second pool table is good for cheating.

The Zoo is even more relaxed and offers the sophistication of a meal with your alchohol, which you can eat with your fingers and no one blinks because they're too stoned to care. Great band line ups.
The Roxy is where you give yourself a head and neck separation in the mosh-pit. It gets the crowds regardless.
Ric's, if you can get a seat, is where the body-watch happens.
The Wickham, if you want some meat, is where the body-count
sweats - to Abba on Speed.

Extra-Curricular Activities

Class participation may be a bit of a worry for a few of the Freshlies. If lucky, you may have no tutorials but huge and crammed lectures. It's all about funding debacles, and later on you'll discover just how superficial this makes your degree. Working on a statistics ratio, choosing to speak up in a lecture when there are 99 others to do it for you is simply inviting criticism. If your lecturer starts scanning the room with the ol' catch-your-eye-and-open-your-mouth trick, lower your head slowly, aiming for minimum effect.

Tutorials *are* different. You*will* be speaking. Any careful back seat silence gets thwarted by the ol' *Introductions Game,* which is actually a quick way of sussing out the tute group. Tutors play it because they believe that much can be discerned about a young ego from the way it says its name. Keep it short and punchy, as neutral cred is easier to build on.

SUBJECTIVE DEMANDS

PY 101 *PSYCHOLOGY*
The first step in a career that markets itself along the lines of you knowing all about everyone else and their motivations by observing, oddly enough, a textbook. Unfortunately, no one outside the department reads the textbooks so they'll have no idea what you're talking about. Ever. Similarly, psychologists are generally unaware of their own first causes, indeed entire causal chains of events glance off their solid ideals of behaviour. Thesal papers purporting to know the next big thing ('Narcissism' anybody?) could make your life's work and fund your extra-curriculars.

JR 101 *JOURNALISM*
This subject introduces you to who ended up publically owning and thinking everything without ever needing the help of the department, and then attempts to entice further study under the auspices of 'How the journalism department is endeavouring to prevent future occurences of this'.
Journalism is about the spread of information and necessarily requires: a) a decent level of substance, b) a decent level of communication, c) respect for at least some of the community. If you're aiming for the top in this profession, transfer to a higher thinking ground or buy a paper run.

PD 100 *PHILOSOPHY*
It's all in the arguments. Hit them hard from the first assessment. *Sophie's World*, not the little girl part, could well become a handy basic textbook for the elongated 'puzzle' that is philosophy. Condone post-modern pastiche. Drop names - try mixing someone obscure and classical with a modern French intellectual who promotes silly-buggers-living in exquisitely convoluted phrases. Could be any one of them really. Paraphrasing the renegade Cambridge philosopher, Tibor Fisher, will help make you hip but he could prove difficult to keep up with. Better still, transfer to physics for a while, discover the biggest ever universal law and beat them all to the meaning of life. That, however, might not fit the 3000 word requirement.

EN 151 *ENGLISH - ACADEMIC WRITING*
This is an important subject as it is ostensibly an introduction to the world of the Scholany, that departmental closet of neatly-typed knowledge on which you are the authority. This singular academic area could fund your future family's lifestyle and, if you choose cleverly enough, might take your thoughts into the exciting world of the newspaper column (come on down!) or Queensland University Press. Burrow deep and defend your right to that opinion, whatever it is, for as long as you can. Make sure you use excessive syllabic contortions. In time you'll be quantified (sic) to take on some of the world's best thinkers from your lounge room simply by raising your voice and simultaneously holding up your bound theses. The trick is not to drop your glass.

BL 101 *CELL BIOLOGY*
From here, you will think of the department as the outer membrane of a cell, a thorough gatekeeper ushering in nutritious desirables but barring entry to unwanted individuals. Neat and balanced. But welcome to the Renegader - pathogenic bacteria, armed with a dangerous scientific mind of proteins and able to bore into the celled department and wreak havoc on an otherwise stable environment. See? It's all in the minutae. The same basic disruptive procedures apply everywhere from cell-biology to politics. Weaponry and immunity, that's what it's all about.

CS 106 *COMPUTER SCIENCE*
Word has it that this degree is only necessary because it gives you the pick of the gazillion dollar crop of jobs arising out of this momentary spate of computer fever... and something about a Millennium disaster. Didn't they predict similar job figures for Psychology students? Why not teach yourself at home and test your knowledge on an unsuspecting suburban bank branch. Indeed you may already have done so, and just need some fine-tuning in post-grad subjects. If, on the other hand, you are intrinsically good, your conscientious learning in this department could help save us all from the chaos principle which promises to crash everything when one person panics.

EC 113 *ECONOMICS*
There's no money in it but you are necessary, even if the monopolies swat at you when you hover around them. A worrying thought: Marx is being formally resurrected for his predictions about capitalism and if that big hint was ignored by economists for so long then we have much to worry about in terms of your practical application skills. Helpful hint: capitalism has not been entirely dictated by consumers. Most pressing question: how it's all going to end and why you'll never prevent it.

GT 112 *GOVERNMENT - INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS*
This subject should be combined with a thorough knowledge of Australian foreign policy because influence is best wielded from a hardy and well-supported armchair. Unless, of course, you're a Monarchist and reluctant to go it alone.
Your mission, should you choose to accept, is to strengthen policy strategy such that no one ever wants to test their weapons on us and we are never excluded from parties, even if both America and China want to date us for the same gala World Trade event. As well, you are to work desperately to raise Australia's cultural profile so that the rest of Asia, to which we are being the nicest of neighbours, is less defamatory about our colonial heritage and cultural flatline. Plus, you are to put our supposedly extreme racism into perspective and recognise that there are many more ethnocentric peoples out there who don't even attempt such courteous conciliations. Conflicts in the Gulf? Whatever America's doing sounds fine.

...And Dangerous Liasons

If your lecturer bursts out laughing when you ask almost silently: "Will I get my assignment back in two weeks?" it's not because they find you witty. Undergraduates are the newspaper at the bottom of the academic birdcage and that's a university given. Expect a wait of at least six weeks and if your papers arrive sticky and smelling funny, be grateful - a lot worse happened before they reached your hands. There will, of course, be times when you get a 2 for an otherwise fabulous-looking assignment. To appeal it, go straight to the University Senate and lie - it all went downhill the night you refused the sixth glass of bed. Oops, red. Of course, if you lie you will go straight to Hell. Or someone else will.

UNIVERSITY RHETORICALS

1. Who or what do the letters V.C. stand for?
2. Is the University constitution sufficient for a position with the Republicans?
3. Which government-run agency are you rorting in order to survive?
4. Complete this sentence one day: The University Senate helped me to.....
5. A Chemistry lecturer, a German student and an Economics tutor walk into a bar together. Who's being naughty?
6. If an interior design scheme was known to produce hallucinogenic effects, would you advise using it in a University cafe?
7. Legally, who do you consult if you knock up your lecturer?
8. If you cared about reading for pleasure would you consider using the new Library?
9. Are sub-titles and Speed legitimate enhancers for lecturers?
10. Do you own a biro?

compiled by Margaret Smithurst

Refec Barbie

clockwise from left:

Ken Pie - $1.70

Sausage Roll Barbie - $1.1

(sauce on condiments counte

Lamb Pasta Ken - $ (small)

Fried Rice Barbie - 70 (small)

alt & pepper on condts counter)

bana Ken - $1.30

Ham & Pickle San Barbie - $2.15

Ham & Tomato San Barbie - $2.15

Shock:
'Piss Christ' by Andre Serrano

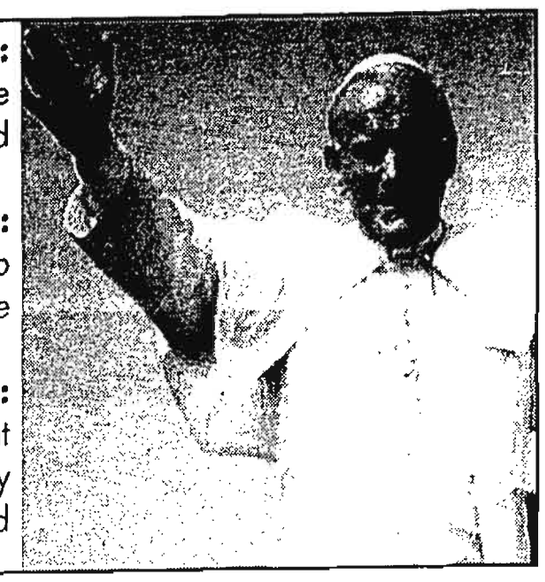
Shocker:
Serrano slams Rembrandt to promote his own version of Art History

Post-modern Shock:
'Rembrandt in a Jar of Poo' by Andre Serrano

Shock:
Male homosexuality may be biologically determined

Shocker:
The Vatican refuses to acknowledge the practice

Post-modern Shock:
New research shows that Catholicism is biologically determined



Shock:
People who act on Oedipal/Electra complexes

Shocker:
Those who take them outside the family home

Post-modern Shock:
Oprah taps into the Freud in Ricky Lake's mother

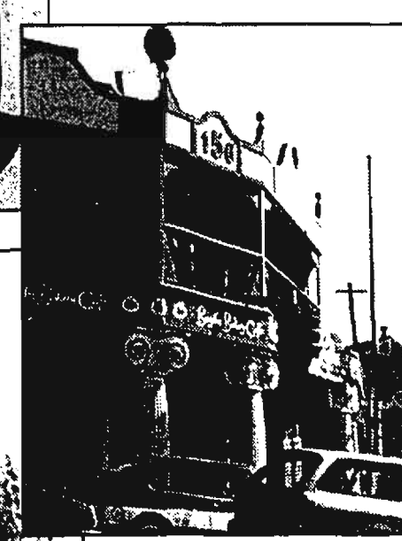
The Deconstruction and Reconstruction of a Shocking Concept

SHOCK-ING

Shock:
'120 Days of Sodom'

Shocker:
'Spice Girls - The Movie'

Post-modern Shock:
'120 Days of the Spice Girls', the movie



Shock:
Architect Russell Hall builds a farcical West End palace

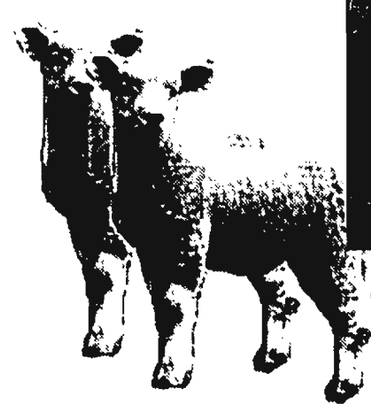
Shocker:
Bagelos goes in underneath it

Post-modern Shock:
Russell Hall is a contender for the new QLD Museum of Modern Art design

Shock:
Scientists discover how to clone humans

Shocker:
Any one of us could become 1000 ones of us

Post-modern Shock:
Andre Serrano wins the first clone and critical acclaim via a shocking publicity campaign consisting of photos of his DNA doused in urine



Shock:
Spice Girls ride to fame on the GIRL POWER slogan

Shocker:
Geri Spice misplaces naked photos of herself on Page Three of a major UK newspaper

Post-modern Shock:
Geri Spice advises Nelson Mandela on sexual diplomacy with the comment, "You're only as young as the girl you feel"

Shock:
'Smack My Bitch Up' by The Prodigy

Shocker:
Keith is talking about his dog

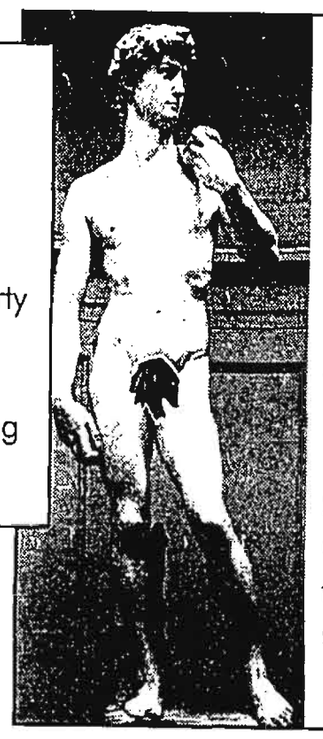
Post-modern Shock:
The dog's talking libel with its lawyers

Povolink

Shock:
Introduction of a Work for the Dole scheme which defies the DSS tenets of sloth

Shocker:
Introduction of Up Front Fees which defy the student tenets of poverty

Post-modern Shock:
Introduction of a Work-for-AUSTUDY scheme which defies everything we're here for



Shock:
Combing over that pesky bald spot

Shocker:
Merkins - pubic wigs

Post-modern Shock:
Combing over that pesky bald spot

Pas-tiche

Shock:
Wayne Goss is diagnosed with a brain tumour and drops from politics

Shocker:
One Nation candidate is in serious contention for a Federal seat

Post-modern Shock:
Pauline Hanson has a malignant growth problem of her own

Shock:
Iraq tipped its Gulf War Scud Missiles with biological warheads

Shocker:
President Clinton has a dangerously tipped missile of his own

Post-modern Shock:
A select group of American women seek treatment for an as yet un-named bacterial problem; other Americans seek vaccination and immunity from the man with the dodgy willy. Iraq carries on amidst the distractions.

SEMPER VOXES THE POPS...

Why? Because we're a leading university (recently scorched into the international chart with a double figures rating - from triple figures) and our students are supposedly informed. And, because the student press is required to tackle hardier issues but has usually been too lazy to do the research required. Considering the quality of the responses, this will have to change.
Naturally, we've run with the more relevant international issues.

We asked,

'WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BIOLOGICAL WARFARE?'

"I gave my sister the flu once, is that the same thing?"
No, *Susanne from Third Year Law*, not really.

" My mum's farts are lethal - she almost killed me the last time I sucked up one of those!"
Thank you, *Stan from English*, that will be all.

"I've got a venereal disease...but that's more of a chemistry problem isn't it?"
Yes, *Marcus from Leo's College*, it is.

Bugger all there, so we tried,

'...NON-LETHAL WEAPONRY?'

(NLW TO THOSE IN THE KNOW)

"Well... *(followed by a 3 epresso pause)* The American Defence Force is gradually implementing this. It seems to be a response to the post-modern climate of war as a means to a political end, not as a massacre as such. **Non-Lethal Weapons** do incapacitate, but really, they only offer a temporary alternative to the real thing. They should be renamed Palliative Weapons. Death, as I see it, is the one unavoidable part of life's war. "
Andrea, *New Scientist reader*, who sounds authoratitive.

"[------]" .
"James?"
"Oh dear, sorry about that. What was the question again?"
James, *a 21 year old Engineering student*, temporarily incapacitated by a passing dark-brown haired girl.

Matthew, of the *Government department*, actually demonstrated some clever **Non Lethal Weaponry** tactics on us by inducing sleep with his detailed account of the changes that **NLW** will make to the arms race.

SEMPER ON

...SEMPER ON

This exists because we understand Semper to be a mouthpiece for young thought and intend to milk that thoroughly by hocking our own voice in spite of the obvious superiority of the issues. Necessarily, these views are rarely plugged in at Sunday dinners with the Parentals.
What matters today is discretion in the face of the facts.

SEMPER ON... CHRISTMAS

John Safran got it right - community radio service on the JJJ Graveyard Shift. He has exactly the right spirit about him and is a paragon for all of us who ended up under the table instead of at it.

SEMPER ON... LANDMINES

Diana's own fatal explosion made her cause even more poignant. Luckily, here in Australia we have yet to experience the physical damage caused by suddenly stepping into an explosive situation. Or have we? Funny old Arthur Tunstall might croak otherwise.

SEMPER ON... CAR JACKING

A perfect example of window washers being given an inch and taking a mile. Shameful.

SEMPER ON... FUNDING

If you're 22 and still cadging from the Parentals you should be ashamed. The DSS and AUSTUDY are two highly respectable cliches which condone no such practice. Indeed they encourage varying degrees of ex-family 'work and study' packages which are time efficient and keep you distracted. It is surprising that more parents don't realise this.

SEMPER ON... THE RISE OF ZEN

To spell ZEN is to own it - so the sagely Californian Buddhists say as they fit their enlightened breasts into new swimsuit tops. We at Semper, however, are disgusted by this simplistic adoption of a noble philosophical pastime, at least at the moment.

SEMPER ON.... DAMIEN HIRST

(he of the formaldehyded animals)
No one cuts cows in half like he does. But he doesn't really does he? Someone else does it for him. He just drifts on the sidelines, looking not quite sensational enough and does...well, thinking things. Next shocking exhibition: Hirst alone with his concepts and without his publicity friends.

SEMPER ON... INDUSTRIAL MUSIC

Anyone with the right equipment can bang two warehouses together and make them sound like a string orchestra.

SEMPER ON... BRISBANE FRANCHISES

Frankly, we're disenfranchised here. Not even the Wok On Inn has anything going for it. If eating out in the atmosphere of a polystyrene box is the extent of your understanding of the concept, you're not tuning into enough of life's nuances.

Revue

ang land

The Ice Storm
Dir: Ang Lee

A small revolutionary moment occurred in Brisbane over the summer. Revolutions are a bit scarce these days so it was surprising that this one, in the form of the Ang Lee film **The Ice Storm**, targetted a wide audience and was supportively reviewed, even if the (disturbing) competition meant it eventually failed to draw the numbers.

The Ice Storm disguises itself as a quiet, but impressive film by Taiwanese director Lee (**Eat Drink, Man, Woman, Sense and Sensibility**): a character study of two middle-class families in suburban Connecticut in 1973. News footage bracketing its suburban story reminds the viewer this was the year former US Republican president Richard Nixon resigned over the Watergate affair (he was implicated in a burglary at Democratic Party headquarters). But the film's social message emerges from an interpretation of the ramifications of a more localised deceit: marital infidelity. As such, **The Ice Storm** represents a welcome revision of Boomer-led nostalgia about the 'sexually liberated' 1970s, when 90s rules 'did not apply'.

In the film Ben Hood (Kevin Kline) is having an affair with his neighbour Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver), while his wife Elena (Joan Allen) reads self-help books and maintains a surface ignorance. The period's 'permissiveness' also finds daughter Wendy (Christina Ricci) experimenting with both the Carver's young sons Mikey (Elijah Wood) and Sandy (Adam Hann-Byrd). Older brother Paul (an endearing performance by Tobey Maguire) lucklessly pursues his own adolescent pleasures at an expensive prep school.

Yet all is not so free and easy. Each character finds only frustration behind the freedom to play with whoever they want. The situation is particularly acute in the case of the 'abandoning spouses'. Ben is rejected by Janey in favour of her husband. Elena (some critics have accurately observed that Allen does a beautiful study in self-repression) turns down the offers of a persistent, hip young member of the clergy [see, the film tells us, everyone was doing it] even after learning of her husband's waywardness. The dissatisfied, self-absorbed Janey is left to consider her own role in the film's final tragedy.

This tragedy belongs to two spheres: the futile ordinariness of the film's setting, and the symbolic. Characters are often reflected in mirrors as they practice their deceptions, yet never manage to 'see' themselves. A hundred men in identical trenchcoats board Ben Hood's morning train; the Summer of Love at once sanctioning the role of the middle class philanderer, and revealing, as a precursor to the tragedy, how shallow is the liberation.

This marriage of the 'ordinary' and the 'symbolic' throughout **The Ice Storm** works to suggest that beneath the drabness and self-centered movements of our daily lives lie the far-reaching consequences of absent responsibility. Events are not 'accidents' in **The Ice Storm**, but elements of an interlinked system which places the human in a landscape of clearly false promises, but from which they prefer not to extricate themselves.

Your reviewer saw this film with a Boomer, who called this message "moralistic", but **The Ice Storm**'s resonances stem not from its proscriptiveness but its social realism. As well as the instinctive tensions provided by the Gamelan music, Lee has drawn convincing performances from his cast, including the 'stars' and it is a tribute to the film's subtleties that we cannot recognise any of them from either **Aliens, A Fish Called Wanda**, or **The Addams Family**. Put this one right up there next to Woodstock for the 'taste of a generation'.

S.Synnot

At Least Someone Careys

Oscar & Lucinda
Dir: Gillian Armstrong

Oscar and Lucinda isn't necessarily an outstanding book, whatever outstanding prizes considered. Peter Carey reads like a man fumbling for his sensibilities and it is a sympathetic reader who can plough on when the illusions decay with so little prompting. His forte arguably lies in the research department. He's good at Dickensian-inspired detail that fleshes out the story by providing a believable stage for the characters.

Gillian Armstrong's film seems to take this into account. In setting the few standout phrases against jam-packed visual landscapes, she manages to make Carey's words resonate with everything else the medium has to offer. Decisions that give the film a precarious 'epic' mood, which is then violently tugged out by Thomas Newman's score. The full orchestra is plugged in whenever there's monumental potential, whether that's a screen full of an actor's face or a glass church floating down an inland NSW river.

But by a quirky law of film, the actors' tasks increase in proportion to the intended size of the epic. With the film's bias in the sweeping-saga department, the actors' lines needed resonate as much as the shots for any consistency to be found. With the prose and character dimensions not always on side, it was each actor for him or herself in this one.

The utterly different acting styles of Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett (an English training versus an Australian one?) only succeeded in creating a psychological subtext about the difficulties such actors might encounter when faced with this problem. Unfortunately, the resolution was discovered in a type of actors' middle ground, rendering their scenes together mediocre. This ultimately set the film off balance. Had each been more evenly paired with another actor, the results may have been different.

Fiennes underscores his reputation as one of England's finest actors by giving Oscar Hopkins dimensions - arguably profound, arguably caricatured. At least they were dimensions. On screen, his startling presence was characterised by a red-haired frailty and a Dickensian appearance (conceivably a reference to Carey's style of narrative). He brings a psychological intelligence to his one-liners, showing himself capable of creating a finely drawn character out of a written ink blot.

Fiennes is the one who stands out, though strangely he sits at ease with the epic proportions of Armstrong's vision. But if he meets Armstrong's requirements, she fails to meet his, notably in the weak casting. Blanchett, unfortunately because she is at divine ease with the camera, isn't able to offer an equal presence beside him. She is engaging and spirited but the inner steel of Lucinda which Carey's writing offered and could have been milked, never fully surfaced. Thus, neither did the frictioned contact between Lucinda and Oscar that made bearable the second half of the book. Eventually, Fiennes talked for them both, stealing the story from Lucinda and making it about Oscar.

A shame because the two characters could have been cemented for posterity via a formidable film partnership.

M.Smithurst

Not Wilde

Wilde
Dir: Brian Gilbert

'We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

This is the slogan for **Wilde,** the latest in a long line of lavish yet mundane period dramas British cinema continues to pass off as 'intellectual entertainment', and it is not by any means a poorly made example.

Stephen Fry, Vanessa Redgrave and Jude Law each confront the complexities of their characters and give well-controlled and subtle performances, and the film's credibility emerges from their mature understanding of their roles. But the script is appallingly shallow in content and insight, and the bland and conventional direction is distressing, and does nothing to suggest the colour and vibrancy of the character of Oscar Wilde.

Readers of English Literature know all too well about Wilde's much publicised homosexuality. But they also understand that he is remembered for his literary merit and sardonic wit, not simply because he was gay. The inherent flaw in this version of Wilde's life lies with the fact that the film rarely looks beyond the superficial exterior of its protagonist's sexuality, and ends up merely a bawdy tale of Mr Married Oscar Wilde and his repressed and agonising encounters with beautiful young boys.

One therefore emerges from the film thinking: "Oscar Wilde - poor, mistreated homosexual," instead of "Oscar Wilde - literary genius". True, Wilde's sexuality did play a major role in the inspiration and construction of his literature, and many parallels may be drawn between his personal life and writing (**The Picture of Dorian Gray** comes to mind).

But one cannot help but wonder about the different and refreshing results had an inventive writer-director like New Zealand's Peter Jackson taken up this project's reins. Jackson's **Heavenly Creatures** depicted the real-life and fantasy worlds of his two infamous female protagonists, and some examination of the correlation between Wilde's personal struggle and literary output might have provided a firmer basis for a screen recreation.

Debbie Wiseman's obtrusive and annoyingly repetitive score also does little to enhance the plot or emotional content. In fact, the score's primary function seems to over sentimentalise supposedly emotional scenes between Wilde and his wife, and neatly cover up any uncomfortable silences conservative viewers may feel during the film's frequent, often unnecessary homosexual love scenes. **Wilde**'s most powerful scene has no music, but draws its emotion from carefully measured non-verbal interactions between Redgrave and Fry.

Wilde is competant cinema, mainly as a result of these skilled performances, but in the same fashion as many contemporaries, director Brian Gilbert spends too much time concentrating on the stars, never giving his film the chance to rise from beyond the gutter.

Pete Goodwin

Moment to Jogged Moment

System C Exhibition
Carbon-Based Galleries
459 Adelaide St

Matt Durack has a degree in Micro-Biology from UQ. So does Mitch Cunningham. I am having an Arts degree somewhere in the region of Asia and art. Combined, the three of us assumed we had sufficient skills to make art for a gallery exhibition. So we did.

Mitch first courted the artiste idea with his piss-take on Serrano's *Piss Christ* at an earlier exhibition (a fishbowl filled with urine with a photo of Princess Di inside). It got us into Adam Donovan's pants (he runs **Carbon Based Galleries**) and got Mitch over his infatuation with the Art World because no one bought it.

Subsequently, Matthew stepped up to become the concept man on this one. Concept man and concept maker - we just stood back and egged him on.

Matt had a 6 foot blow-up penis at home, picked up on one of those specially packaged Sydney trips, and wanted to use it as more than a lipstick-marked lounge room ornament. The killer concept stemmed from this and became ELECTRIC DREAMS, a stand-alone giant penis ejaculating technology. Even though the theme of the exhibition was "*Science and Art*" (Adam runs the studios as an artist who recognises technology), Matthew would probably have made it anyway, regardless of any guidelines.

The all-important spurts were made out of computer circuit boards, constructed to be as cum-like as possible. Of particular concern was the bit that flies out to the side, giving a flailing and unsheathed impression.

"You know how it does that? All guys can relate to that," he sold it to us over dinner one night. Matt wanted it to be the moment caught - that blown moment, globs of it on the ceiling and the walls, propelled by the sheer energy of emission.

He's now doing Industrial Design at QUT and if anyone can get computer circuit boards to look like the product of a wank, it's him.

We spent a morning strategically hanging all the bits he'd painstakingly constructed, with the coup de emission being the connection at the tip of the inflated phallus.

My role in the proceedings had always been to provide the accompanying wank. Words, so we reasoned, give a concept flesh. The "Wank on a wank on a wank" explained everything for the sake of an explanation.

Combined, the effect of the art work and its explanation was fantastic. All it needed now was Mitch to turn up on the night in his Art World outfit of a tux top and dodgy red pin-stripes and waltz around spurting lingo at anyone who cared to listen. With Matthew's pissed lurching and bedroom-networking, the place reverberated with all the goings-off of a decent gallery opening.

Adam Donovan has a good thing going at **Carbon Based Galleries** and even though most artists have never heard of "New Scientist" magazine, much less thought about applying its ideas, attempting to combine science and art should be a useful pursuit making artists, in turn, useful creators. Not that we ever thought of it like that.

Margaret Smithurst

The Accompanying Wank

In exposing the elemental and ultimately corrosive nature of technology's causal chains, ELECTRIC DREAMS delivers a brutal denunciation of man's fundamental energy - onto the floor, the ceiling and the walls: *the tangible space of human reality.*

If the Freud-intoned desire to dominate nature via subversion still stands as a given, then the spurting advancement of applied knowledge, in whatever field and on an exponentially 'spiked' ratio, is the atavistic cumber of the man too aware of the moment to be wary of the future.

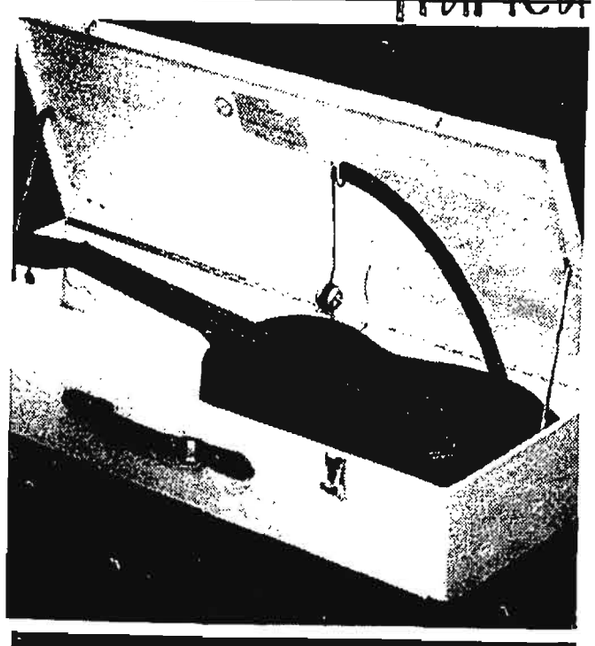
In wanting to concoct dreams that exceed his capacity, the soft pink is ultimately pitted against its hardiest discoveries - artificial intelligence and artificial creation.
A damning inversion of the prescriptive ingredients.

Coaxed into a stupor by the sheer charge of the thing, man's receptors work overtime to continuously convert the emissions into propulsions and the propulsions into commissions, in a vicious and viscous rhythm.

Moment to jogged moment.
Doing for the sake of doing.

But for whose satisfaction?
When the walls designed to be spent in are removed, the limitless freedom of the imagination is too potent to ignore. Anything can instigate an orgasm.
But is a capacity there for a reason? And will the most potent argument be its flailing and unsheathed exhaustion?

Perhaps. Because *fundamentally, it is a wank* - a product of ill-directed and misspent energy.



FRANCESCO CONZ AND THE INTERMEDIA AVANT GARDE

Wrap your Mouth Around Your Head With That One

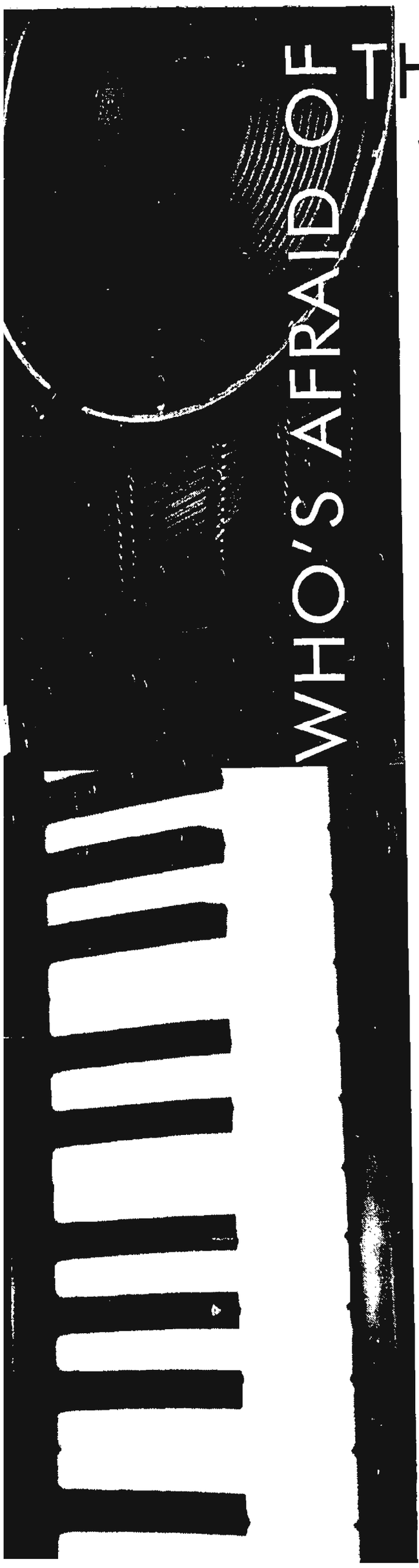
Qld Art Gallery until Feb 22

Fluxism is a concept not easily explained or defined as it exists in a reality that describes only itself. **Fluxus** art confounds contexts and fuses any and all modes of expression. It can and has been manifested in such forms and disciplines as music, theatre, poetry, film, comedy and politics. This post- Dada art movement emerged in the fifties and sixties, particularly in New York and Germany. Yoko Ono was part of it, Marcel Duchamp was mythologised by it and many contemporary artists continue to be influenced by it. **Fluxus** artists maintain that the only constant is change and that their art is the manifestation of an interaction with life that insists on a new kind of perception and understanding. The rest is up to you.

Francesco Conz and the Intermedia Avant Garde is a collection of over 120 **Fluxus** works currently showing at the Queensland Art Gallery. When interacting with this exhibition (as the art insists you do), begin with the assumption that the **Fluxus** message is as unique as the observer's perception. To even begin to understand or relate to what there is to be seen and heard, one must actively participate in the flow of each individual piece. Claes Oldenburg describes this process as being not unlike *the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind man's metal stick.*

Ina Blom writes of the **Fluxus** style as *a game of perception. The artist (or the ART) hiding in the woods, from time to time appearing from behind a tree - 'Look at me. Don't look at me. Here I am. You'll never catch me'.* Imagine we are children playing hide and seek among the trees. Art is 'it' and our attention span is in flux. **FLUXUS**. Game ends February 22 1998.

Briony Barr



THE ELECTRONIC WOLF?

When French Radio sound technician, **Pierre Schaeffer**, assembled the first collage of prerecorded sounds for the newly invented tape recorder in 1948, he was in fact paving the way for the next major development in music - the advent of *electronic music*. Major modern composers like **Varese, Stockhausen** and **Boulez**, along with physicists like **Theremin** and **Martenot**, developed the *electronic medium* from it's jarring juxtaposition of blips, sirens and fragmented human and environmental sound samples, into a more structured and cohesive format. Indeed, in his research for **Simon Rattle's** documentary series exploring modern composition, **Michael Hall** stated that *"There is no doubt that electronic music has made the greatest contribution to timbre, harmonic colour and space in twentieth century music."*

Just as the Nineteenth Century is recognised for its remarkable achievements in the stylistic developments of the sonata and classical symphony, progressive music critics have suggested that the advent of technology and new forays into the realm of electronic sound will be the hallmark of the Twentieth Century. However, it would appear that innovation and new work in the field of electronica ceased somewhere towards the end of the 1960's.

Anyone who is alive, thinking and listening today will realise that it was also around this time that the **Beach Boys** first used a *theremin* in 'Good Vibrations' and thus the synthesiser and electronic medium was embraced by the popular music world. In listening to the output of contemporary *electronic popular music* composers such as **Bjork, Tricky, Trent Reznor, Future Sound of London, Photek** and **The Chemical Brothers**, it is evident that the boundaries between art music and popular music are *not* as clearly defined as they once were. Although text books and education institutions rarely admit this, it is in the field of contemporary popular electronic music that the new musical prodigies (no pun intended) are to be found.

But why is it that institutions apparently committed to the furthering of musical thought and innovation are so reluctant to embrace this genre? In addition to its relatively short existence of approximately fifty years, the primary argument against the acceptance of *electronic music* is that it is not 'natural'. In the album notes for his 1970 electronic interpretation of **Mussorgsky's** 'Pictures at an Exhibition', the Japanese composer **Tomita** refutes this Naturalism argument by stating that there only a few true natural sounds - thunder is but one of these, yet it happens to be produced by means of an electrical phenomenon.

Traditional instruments such as the violin and the piano, may initially be fabricated from natural materials, but they must still be constructed by human hands. Just because *electronic sound* is not produced by hitting, plucking, scraping or blowing does not infer that it is not valid. Somewhat similar to the *refrigerator's* story, an Australian invention, which was initially rejected by industry and the buying public because shipping ice down from the Northern Hemisphere was a far more 'traditional and natural' means of keeping food fresh and did not involve any chemicals.

Individuals who have trained as either 'traditional' instrumental or vocal performers often argue that electronically produced sound does not account for human emotions or the expressive qualities that the human musician may bring to music. In the early stages of *electronica* this may have been so, but the radical advancements in the manipulation and control of sound brought about by the rapid development of computers and sound technology, have meant that an unprecedented degree of sound quality and accuracy can be achieved in performance. While a human pianist could never play two notes in succession without the minutest degree of variation in attack, volume or duration, a musician using electronic technology can adjust every note produced to a precise and exact level of velocity, pitch, duration, modulation and attack, as well as the manipulation of tone colour. The sound can be made into a Steinway Concert Grand played in Carnegie Hall or an untuned upright played at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

A new breed of composers are emerging who are just as well versed in traditional methods of composition as their 'serious art music' counterparts, but who are also equipped with an innate understanding of physics and the specific properties of sound production and manipulation. This means a far greater eclecticism on behalf of the electronic composer, in that they no longer sit down to write a for a pre-determined set of orchestral instruments, but rather create new instruments and sound sources specificclly suited to the desired atmosphere of the work. Many modern dance works and multimedia projects now exist in a symbiotic relationship with electronically produced music, as it is far more flexible and adept in capturing and depicting the vast scope and variety of the human imagination.

The new precision technology also infers that in most cases, the composer of the music is now also performer of the music. *Electronic music* removes the margin for human error in the production of music. A composer writing for a group of thirty traditional instruments not only gives a conductor's interpretation, unwittingly altering the original musical ideas, but in using human performers, the margin for error is multiplied thirty times. The composer writing for thirty electronically produced sounds however, can not only expect a technically and stylistically perfect performance *every* time, but can also compose rhythms and melodies that could never be replicated by the greatest of virtuosos. *Electronica* is also a more economically viable way to compose, in that all music may be produced from the one sound source.

University institutions thrive on the pretentious notion of producing performers (as well as other music occupations such as composers, educators, ethno-musicologists and therapists who tend to feature in much lower ranks of importance) who can play the Third Movement from Mozart's Fourteenth Symphony beautifully, but are estranged and oblivious to the demands of the new generation of music listeners. The University of Queensland School of Music offers two semester-long Studio Technique subjects as a genuflection to the electronic medium, but the majority of students enrolled in these courses are not music students. This alarming situation is often not due to a lack of willingness on the students' behalf but rather to timetable restrictions imposed by a very prescriptive and traditional Music Degree. In playing the Devil's Advocate, one may be justified in questioning whether university institutions are willing to embrace and promote a flourishing *electronic music* culture because of the threatening notion of a comprehensive composer/musician. Could they be afraid of the *electronic medium's* valid claims to replace and eradicate inherent human error in music?

All is not lost however, as new relationships are being forged via forward thinking young composers such as Australia's **Nigel Westlake**, who work towards a symbiotic existence of traditional instrumentation alongside electronic technology. More and more, the traditionally defined boundaries between *art music* and *popular music* are being traversed. The beginnings of understandings between the two cultures may just come in the appearance of a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Pete Goodwin
Freelance Electronic Composer

pressed

STEREOLAB
Dots and Loops

Album review by Kenny Phillips

Stereolab is one of those bands whose songs, to the uninitiated, sound suspiciously alike. But when you think about it, this could be said about many an artist with an individual sound. You know you're listening to John Lee Hooker almost by the tone of his guitar. What it amounts to is that the artist sounds like no other, and this is particularly true of Stereolab, who have cruised so far out of the Solar System that they don't even have any imitators, let alone peers.

If you've no idea what the group sounds like, the best description comes from their second album, *Space Aged Bachelor Pad Music*. Another description might be post-modern lounge, for the lyrics (when not in French) can be very chic. Whatever the label, this, their 6th album, marks something of a change in direction. It is also their best work to date.

Scarcely strangers to technology, Tim Gane and the group have gone increasingly into electronic sounds, with elegant drum loops and scratching, attractive electronica and just-right samples complementing the more customary gorgeous female melodies and mesmerizing moods. Songs like 'Parsec' and 'Miss Modular' are fantastically good-vibed, but the stand-out track is the 17 minute 'Reflections in the plastic pulse', where soaring melodies and satisfyingly analogue bass lines mutate into some of the yummiest noises this side of The Orb.

Released in November, I think this addictive LP was the best album of 1997. It takes the existing Stereolab sound, which by 1996s *Emperor Tomato Ketchup* was sounding a little tired, and elevates it to an entirely new dimension. They're playing on February 4 at the Chelsea in what promises to be the gig of the season. Those in the know will be hoping for a repeat of 1995 gig where they plugged their PA into a mood, distorting every instruments into a psychedelic analogue haze. Engage!

GREAT ALBUMS OF THE 80s:

HUSKER DU *Candy Apple Grey*

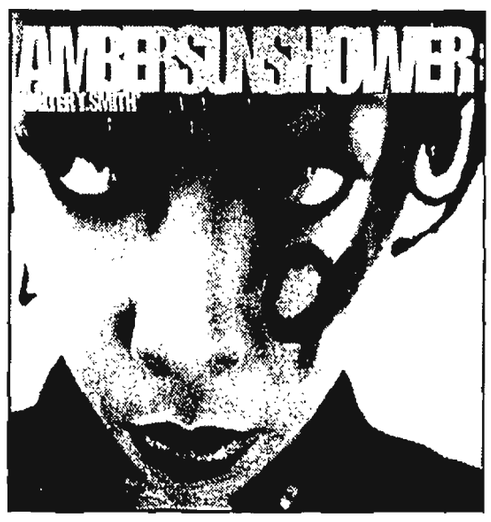
Released in 1986, this album strikes Bob Mould and his group mid-way on their journey from blisteringly fast noise band to college pop demi-gods. The first track 'Crystal', is a reminder of darker and faster albums like *Land Speed Record* (which still pops up on vinyl now and then at Rocking Horse), but even this track is stained by the melancholy sensibility that later led Mould to alcoholism and the solo album *Black Sheets of Rain*. After this comes 'Don't want to know that if you are lonely', 'I don't know for sure', and 'Sorry somehow', three of the finest examples of guitar pop ever. The guitar solos on these tracks also feature Mould's absolutely distinct style and tone, which in many ways prefigures much of the late 80s indie rock sound The two middle tracks, which are acoustic and feature Mould on piano, are depressing but also hauntingly beautiful; a feel which has been imitated in this genre ever since (witness The Archers of Loaf). After this, the final tracks, especially Dead set on destruction and Eiffel Tower high, are a welcome blast of melodic energy, leaving the listener feeling wrung-out but also *great*.

Mould and Husker Du share a similar career pattern to Paul Westerburgs Replacements, except that the Replacements, who had the advantage of sounding a bit like REM, sold many more albums than Husker Du ever did. Mould was actually a better songwriter; indeed perhaps the best songwriter of the whole American college rock generation. After recording *Warehouse Songs and Stories* in 1987, the band split, leaving Mould to solo projects and his 90s band Sugar. Sugars first album, *Copper Blue*, was voted best album of 1993 by *NME*, but again didn't sell too well. Condemned to that most wretched of labels, the critics favourite, Sugar split as well. If ever there was a demonstration of the failure of popular taste, the melancholic Bob Mould is it. His standing no doubt will improve: Husker Du was one of the best bands of the 80s.

AMBERSUNSHOWER

Album review by Diva D

When first picking up this CD to review, I really didn't know what to expect. The cover featured an African-American woman, she has big puppy dog eyes with just the right amount of eyeliner to make her look like a diva of smooth sounds, She has dreads curled at the end that give her a little girl lost look that makes her just oh so adorable. (enough of my machinations) Feeding that information into my cesspit brain of common stereotypes, I came to the conclusion that this cd was a fair risk as cause it had a black woman on it she must produce music in the same vain as Janet Jackson. So my prediction from the cover was that whoever she is the album must be smooth hip funky and



cool. Isn't that just plain bad stereotyping? I'm beginning to fell guilty.

With nothing to loose I flicked the CD into the player... got myself a stiff martini sat down ready to chill out to some smooth happening vibes, and much to my satisfaction, my pathetic stereotypes were true. Having never heard of this artist before, I was pleasantly surprised with the ambient sound pulsating from my compact little noise machine.

The first track starts with an obscure brass instrument sliding up and down the scales, (it's most amusing but I'm glad to say that it progresses before the novelty wears off) this is quickly augmented by a smooth rhythm and a very sensuous vocal. The track then gently plods along before mutating into her second musical ensemble. The lyrics of the album are simple yet elegant. Ambersunshower uses her voice to its full potential, and spices some of the tracks up a little with a bit of vocal lingual gymnastics.

Personally I enjoyed this CD a great deal. I wouldn't recommended it to any hard core ravers or any metal heads either. It's the perfect chill out music in that its slow smooth and relaxing with a delicate sensuous vocal, just for good measure. This is the type of CD you could expect to hear in the background of one of those expensive ritzy cafe's, except with out the pretentiousness.

MTV's Alternative Nation

Review by Guru Josh

Warning: this record contains explicit language. Well that's always a great incentive to buy an album if you ask me. Alternative Nation is brought to you by MTV Australia and is jam packed with 19 original alternative cuts. This album contains everything from the melancholy sounds of Cordrazine to the techno beats of Crystal Method. It also features Grinspoon, Ben Folds Five, Primal Scream, Sidewinder, Jebediah, Bush, Ammonia, Ash and who could forget Weezer with their classic line, "God damn you half Japanese girls, you do it to me every time." Could they be any more accurate???

Alternative Nation is a great complication album which features a large variety of bands and is well worth adding to any CD collection.

It's a Strange Invitation

BECK in Brisvegas

who are you?
I'm the enchanting wizard of rhythm.
why did you come here?
I came to tell you about the rhymes of the universe.
Beck - 'Hotwax'

The Friendly City, as Brisbane is proclaimed by a fading sign on Level 2 of a Roma St building, is an intriguing choice for Beck Hansen to end more than 18 months of worldwide touring, celebrating not with a bang or a whimper but a sigh, prior to laying down more funky phats on the next album.

With impeccable showmanship, this winner of multitudinous style awards who nonetheless despises fashion, politely thanked his "illustrious hosts in this fair city of Brisbane" before back-beating into *Devil's Haircut*, backlit by kaleidoscopic illumination...

I wanted to make songs somebody could enter... a scenario exists and you kind of go in and create your own story with it

To enter into Beck's world is to venture into the heartlands of funk, hip-hop, rap, folk, classical (Tschaikowsky's Swan Lake sampled on *High 5*) and noise - the new pollution. Though, where others might lose their way amid such a smorgasbord of styles Beck, whose passport understates his profession as 'composer', deserves more than the fusty title.

Beck's forays into uncharted sonic lands can be attributed to his singular upbringing. Early years were shared between his Presbyterian minister grandfather; the intermittency of his maternal grandfather; the artist Al Hansen, a member of the *Fluxus* movement (reviewed in these pages) who was wont to transform Beck's childhood toys into *objets d'art* (implicating silver paint and cigarette butts in the process); and a mother who was part of Andy Warhol's Factory and who now plays in an LA band.

He travelled through New York and LA, employed as a sign painter, cloak room attendant at a bookstore, hot dog vendor, ID photo taker, leaf blower and video packer... until following dismissal from the video packing job, he spent a year on unemployment benefits and subsequently recorded the single "*Loser*"... and from there to pop stardom and Brisbane.

Beck's trajectory appears unhindered by ennui or adulation. His first album, *Mellow Gold*, led to the more polished *Odelay* (produced by the Dust Brothers), from which the bulk of Festival Hall's recent concert loot was plundered.

Credited with veritable 21st Century orchestral talents on *Odelay* (he's reputedly a buccaneer in exploring the hitherto ignored possibilities of the amplified leaf blower). Beck confined his Brisbane performance to guitar, vocals, harmonica, tambourine and a whip (this instrument requires further practice), ably assisted by a hand-picked band. An Afro-ed master of Two Turntables and a Microphone, provided an awesome spectacle while mixing the records, adroitly arcing them about his body to fill in the dots and loops...

Though there remain traces of the stage-fright, the solution for which drove Beck to serenade bus passengers and young Latino soccer players on the streets of LA, the vision and vitality of the concert was unhindered.

There was a funked up *Loser*; *I wanna get with you and your sister Sheila* - directed at the Aussie sheilas; *Derelict* (accompanied by the whip) - the glorious herald of things to come; an acoustic *One foot in the grave*; a crowd chorusing *Where it's at* and *High 5*.

Beck the concert-master alternately roused the crowd to a funky fervour, clambered around the stage equipment, made a token gesture of break dancing, wore a donkey head along with the rest of the band, pseudo-posed as a rock front man....and told us about the rhythms of the universe...

Nicole Mathison

Out of Site Out of Mind

Welcome to a special new feature in **Semper**, the Internet's best and very worst. As a student you could be enjoying five hours of Internet access a week courtesy of the University of Queensland and the **Prentice Centre**, free of charge! Just drop in and demand an account and Presto! you're on the Web. Of course you'll need some sort of computer.....

We ran with the most out-dated, **bad 70s nostalgia** title we could to encourage you to come up with something new. If you can, a crappy prize could be coming your way!

We begin our trip at **http://distefano.com**, a little site with a simple address. So, I ask you, ever wanted a dead body in your house? Have one but are ashamed of the smell your old corpse creates when guests are around? Well for **less than $1000** this site can make you a latex recreation of a **dead body**, complete with flashing eyes in your choice of three fashion colours!

Not surprisingly, this site is linked to a company in, you guessed it, America. Land of the free and latex. While that may seem a tad harsh on Americans, I think you'll agree once you've seen **http://205.149.189.26** . This site is the home of '**Real Dolls**' a site that belongs to a company that produces, ahem, latex love dolls. "Big deal" you say, "We've all seen blow up latex women and they're **pukey**!" Indeed they are, but these aren't **blow up women**, they're closer to hookers embalmed in spray-on latex. From as little as $5000 you can have what amounts to man's best attempt at woman. Needless to say the result is highly disturbing.

But if you're the kind of person who needs a giant Barbie doll for sex than this just may be the site for you.

On a non-plastic note, there is a delightfully evil site - namely the **Bert is Evil** site at **http://fractalcow.com/bert/bert.htm**. Here you will find Bert (the one with the pointy head), of Sesame Street fame, cavorting with Hitler, Michael Jackson and Aliens among others. You'll find photos and interviews that leave you with the knowledge that Bert truly is the **Anti-Christ** of Muppetkind.Be prepared to **be shocked** when Ernie discloses tales of abuse and other things at the hand of Bert. Not one for the kiddies unless you hate them.

Finally there is **http://www.s.co.nz/soggy** home of the **Soggy Parsnip** award, a New Zealand site dedicated to the destruction of bad sites and their creators in that country. David Zanetti, the creator of the site regularly pays out **crappy sites** in New Zealand with caustic wit.

This site begs the question - where is the Australian equivalent? Think of it as **Media Watch** for web junkies or maybe as an **Oprah** consumer alert special, about dangerous spring-loaded baby toys. Enjoy.

OYSTERS AND CUSTARD

CUSTARD are as Brisbane as apple pie...or oysters...maybe oyster pie. Nobody really knows, especially their new drummer Glenn Thompson. But he is eating oysters, courtesy of the band's record label, as he speaks to me from Adelaide where Custard are playing a few gigs. I tell him that oysters are readily available in Brisbane, that going all the way to Adelaide for them is crazy business.
"No, we're here as part of the tour for WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY, our last album..."
Yeah right. That's just the sort of answer you'd expect.
"I usually have oysters natural, but every now and then, I go the kilpatrick," he answers when I ask him about the new album and the singles 'Music is Crap' and 'Anatomically Correct'.
"But that's what Custard is all about, evolving the music from a natural style to something with bacon and Worcestershire sauce. Also we like to keep ourselves interested in the music."
The Custard sound, natural or Kilpatrick, is a blend of 90's rock and 80's pop. I point out that this is probably at odds with younger listeners who are more into silverchair.
"A lot of people kind of accuse us of being 'poppy' in a derogatory way. But we think that that pop is pretty cool and can be really interesting," he said.
"The pop idea is probably a bit over a lot of people's heads. It's the same with Regurgatator's last album, 'Unit'. I think a lot of people just didn't get the play on pop idea."
Custard are a band here to entertain rather than looking forlornly across an audience in an attempt at depression-motivated self-adulation.
"The entertainment factor, that's probably the most important thing to us. That's what we do. We're in the entertainment industry, and I think a lot of bands forget that. I mean we don't want to be bored ourselves whilst onstage."
Custard's cover of 'Video Killed The Radio Star' endeared them to many fans. Are there any more covers in the works?
"Yeah, but I can't say."
Even for a dozen oysters?
"Okay. It's an Eagles song, but that's all I'm going to say."
Custard play the Big Gig at U.Q. in O'Week. Make sure you're there to see them do Eagles covers, play pop and throw oysters into the audience.
(By the way, could someone from the Union arrange for a few dozen mixed oysters on Custard's tab. Just don't tell The Whitlams.)

- Nick Leys

Tim Freedman, frontman of The Whitlams gets an ear-bashing by "Pants" band member and Music Guru, Ian Papas.

What kind of music did you grow up with?
Frank Sinatra, Nina Simone, Jazz, Louis Armstrong.
... and was this the music your parents listened to?
yes.

Who were your musical influences?
Tim referred to his sizeable (1000+) CD collection and couldn't draw specific musical influences, however he noted Randy Newman and Bob Dylan for their lyrical influence.

Who impresses you in contemporary music circles?
Regurgitator, the Cruel Sea, Latinga, Fuzz... anyone who doesn't take themselves to seriously and can play their instrument.

When the Whitlams were just starting out, how did you go about getting your gigs and where did you play?
We met in the local pub so that's were we played our gigs... in the Sandringham Hotel, in Newtown. We got good crowds from the start and it has been getting better incrementally ever since.

Who came up with the name The Whitlams?
I did. I immediately thought it was a good Australian band name because it was humourous and earthy. It managed to get a name for itself by the goodwill attached to the name of the royal family - the Australian Royal family, the Whitlams.

Who arranged to have Gough announce the Number One song of the recent JJJ Hottest 100?
It was the producer at Triple J - the producer of that segment who was surprised that he did it because Gough usually doesn't do much for free apparently. (He doesn't have to... he's got so little time.) But we're really glad he did it. I met him a few months ago and had a lovely chat for a while.

With your cover of the Bob Dylan song, Tangled up in Blue, how do you feel that you have contributed to the original?
I felt it was a reworking rather than a new version, it's a bit more rocky than his and I think it's a great short story in a song, and it's possible that people today will be able to follow the story a bit clearer. I think the song is so brilliant that it's worth doing it in a different style just to get it heard by more people. It just develops beautifully - I think it sums up the feeling of his time better than almost any song in the last thirty years.

Are songs Charlie 1,2 and 3 reflective of memories that you have?
Definitely. For every part of that song cycle I can remember the night in circumstance. So really it's just as much of a diary as a song cycle. It's a diary of a friendship.

There is quite an emotional aspect to the whispering in Buy Now, Pay Later (Charlie No.2), would you say that the emotion is reflective of past events of the band?
I actually wrote that song about someone who was getting into heroin, who wasn't a member of the band. But (the song) does convey a certain exasperation in the face of addiction.

Do you ever get shitty that Australia is known internationally for bands like Savage Garden or even silverchair?
No, it hasn't affected me in the slightest. I think it's a truth to say that in the mass markets overseas, it's the mass marketed bands that are going to get picked. As long as the scene stays healthy at the grass-roots over here I'm not particularly worried about the perceptions in Middle America.

Let's presume a city's psyche can be identified in its urban fabric, the built environment on display to the world. Unsophisticated architectural decisions would arguably thus stifle the city's 'will to live'.

Welcome to Brisbane.

Brisbane provides a unique environment for its inhabitants. A notorious paucity of cultural stimuli has meant in the past the place served as a breeding ground for innovators who worked 'tainted by fierce competition. Sydney and Melbourne, if the artists living there could be believed, are a nightmare for this sort of thing.

Originality gets a fertile training ground in this city, even if the conservative mentality still frustrates the creators and often causes them to leave. But Joh's supporters have wearied, and new life is stirring, with stronger direction than before.

Brisbane is emerging as a more culturally aware city that recognises a lashing out from the ordinary to be healthy, not dangerous. One that understands the contention of 'consistent pluralism', or recognition of individuality, in lifestyles. But the accompanying urban development seems to be missing the wave of this intellectual maturity.

Too often the creative strategy runs along an 'assembly-line construction' formula.

The **Brisbane CBD** is being remoulded by the mighty hands of developers into a sprawling pastiche of architectural catch phrases, promoting 'civic living' ready-made lifestyles in quasi-Manhattan lofts. Then there are the lucrative 'river-city living' numbers - pastel skyscrapers with sanitary pads slapped on the sides for balconies. **Cathedral Place** billboards promote the next happy little village on that fantastic block of land opposite All Hallow's - slap, dash and multi-use.

One wonders whether there will ever be a cafe run by a fat man with stripey awnings (on him and the shop) to pop down to in the traffic-jammed mornings.

Young architects fighting for their crisps used to shack up in derelict buildings in Brisbane's 'Central District' - above the **Holywell Bookstore** on Roma St, in the huge warehouses on Mary St, and above shops on George St. Covered in layers of fine grey dust, they'd keep healthy by eating the rotting parquetry, mainly because after five o'clock the lone food outlet - Coles, had shut. There wasn't even a little deli to hog into. The city just disappeared.

There is still nowhere to shop at night in inner-Brisbane. The Council, while keen to endorse the 'civic living' phenomena, hasn't made allowance for any basic infrastructure.

This is probably just as well, as 'civic living' doesn't really come naturally to inner-city Brisbane. The suburbs have always been where it's at and where everything is on the doorstep. Luckily for those who have bought warehouses in town, good shops are cycling distance away. But what's an expensive car parking space for?

To kickstart the 90s, many of Brisbane's suburbs showed the promise of an authenticated al fresco cafe culture, a hint of Parisian affiliation. But this has been appropriated by inventive franchises like the **Coffee Club** and **Koffies**. Welcome also to **Wok On Inn and Throughout the Suburbs** and **Bagelos os os os...**

Why are these pre-fabricated food dens invited into places alive with personality like West End and New Farm without public consultation? There is a certain excitement in finding a new cafe where one wasn't the night before, but less so in waking up to a cafe (or a street full of outlets) of which exact replicas exist in the neighbouring suburb, bored service included.

Franchises are corporate entities with a powerful say in the retail market. Either they need to get more creative with their businesses or cafes need to do creative business to undercut their market share.

Brisbane is too often developing for the sheer sake of developing and not pausing to encourage existing, albeit often under-developed, strains of individuality.

There is no public critique of Brisbane architecture to discourage this situation from continuing. Therefore it is difficult to have faith in Brisbane's next big venture, **Stage 6** of the Cultural Centre development.

QPAC's aesthetic was ten years out of date at the time of its construction in the early 80s. The remarkably similar **Stage 5** is now complete, shedding new light on 1970s Modernism and the Avant Garde of 1928. Up and coming is Stage 6, a $320 million master plan that will reportedly put $80 million into a **Museum of Modern Art** and $160 million into a **Cultural Heritage Centre**. The design of the Modern Art Museum is a contentious issue which has sparked a semblance of debate in the architectural community. The debate centres on what may or may not turn out to be an international design competition, pending factional noise. Robin Gibson, who won the original 1972 contract and already with one Cultural Centre under his concrete belt, is being overtaken by architects arguing for a braver and more innovative approach, although not necessarily from an overseas architect.

Russell Hall, the Queensland architect who designed that ridiculous excuse for New Architecture, the **West End Palace** on Boundary St, but whose earlier career is not as disastrous, has called for greater public debate between architects, taking the design contracts and their issues beyond backroom deals and legalities. But if the design choice stays within Australia, will the result be from the best design or the most vocal faction? And, most importantly, how can the outcome be affected?

Brisbane's only broadsheet, the **Courier-Mail**, bludgeons a willing public with grammatical errors and journalistic liberties on a daily basis. Its weekly supplement, 'Our House', roadtests portable fans and glorifies local newsreaders' garden parties. Nothing much in that department.

Then there's the **Brisbane News**, a natty little decoupage filler where architecture is what you do to make your house look like the local cafe. The appropriation of archi-as-lifestyle poses no problem except that 'lifestyle' has been redefined as the accumulation of body waxes, frilly lingerie and Alessi juicers - appendages. Architect-designed open-plan living seems to be the lone, feeble concession to worthy discussion. How chic.

The **Royal Australian Institute of Architects** (RAIA) comes closest to a professional forum on architecture. A critical component of the RAIA calendar is the lecture series, a good idea that has turned into a courtesy move which, in the name of professional development, turns down the sheets for local practitioners who want to publicly bedhop with their colleagues. Not really creative business in its intended sense.

So in Brisbane it is increasingly obvious we are living with the business, but not the creativity or criticism. Brisbane has never been as innovative as Sydney and Melbourne but now, when the opportunity is right, the balance between corporate involvement and architectural responsibility seems somewhat skewiff.

Brisbane is lacking a non-aligned voice of criticism and so, in this place of refracted light, impaired liberty and distracted learning, could that responsibility lie with as humble a paper as **Semper**?

Probably.

Lyle Rosenblum & M A Menkens
Civic Despondents

Ramble on the Town

There are 9 dollars in my pocket and I'm heading into Ric's tonight because there's nothing constructive planned and my plastic drill into the ATM world of finance is on someone else's back verandah.

The Valley on the weekend is very Simon & Garfunkel, 'eelin' groovy wearing shinies and black.

I walk past an Automatic Confessional and think about pretending to put a card in and waiting ostentatiously to get money out but then I think no, the people I'm with might think I'm only doing that because I want them to think I'm rich. Probably they won't. But then they'll ask me to buy them an expensive beer each because of an excuse they'll make up after they've had it and I'll want to be ok and say yes and let them know that worrying about money is for anals. But I'll have to refuse because I won't have gotten any real money out.

Soon I'm walking past the silly buggers strip-of-frenzy that starts with Dooley's, runs past the Empire and ends when your best friend keels. My tarted-up companions are talking authorititavely on the death of someone famous. There are a lot of famous people dying and being reborn on front pages. This is so that social and anti-social types can have something with which to fill their conversations. It all just flops on the floor though. Isn't it uncanny that there's always someone who cuts in with a bit too much authority and says Who cares? and He was just another mystery death, Its not important. But it is important sometimes. For the conversation.

Suddenly everyone looks uncomfortable at spreading unsubstantiated black-serif typeface about someone who can't fight back. And then they get over it when one cool chugger starts going on about the new architecture up the street, or maybe it's the weather.
Whatever.
I nudge the loose quick on my thumb until it hurts, and stand up to go inside for a coffee.

You can't buy coffee from Ric's. Incidentally, you can't have a proper conversation at Ric's either. Everyone knows about both of these. Apparently.

I go next door to Fat Boys and meet the girl behind the counter. She must just work with coffee. I order a Lat Fwhite just like that because it sounds pseudo-foreign, but she stares like she hasn't heard me properly so I do a quick save and act like I'm annoyed at having to repeat myself and then say it like it is on the board. Flat White.

Fat Boys has good coffee. It's the correct price of $2 and they are very careful about being artistic with the froth. But you can't take it into Ric's because Ric's only sells alcohol and they want all their patrons to be piss– no I think I've given myself the wrong information on that one.
I sit down just in time to hear something about sweat and polyester. I laugh and jiggle in the shiny coloured chair just to let them know how easy it is to come back and settle straight in whenever and also because this reminds me of my own smelly shirt situation. I drink the coffee with my elbows pointing at the floor. This heat is silly but I'm not really prepared to discuss it in depth so suddenly happen to spy someone who I knew was there all the time and I go over and talk to him -

- leaving half the coffee as a security for the rest of the table. He's dressed in shades of fluoro and his girl buddy has chosen another page of the Taubmans colour chart but I sit anyway and open with a funny sentence about the atmosphere and silently point out to myself that's a sad irony because we're still talking about weather. He asks if I have a smoke and I think fast about whether this is the time to do my new Nicorette joke. I decide that it is so I pull out a fresh packet and flick the back of them, just like a Stuyvesant softpack veteran. They're too well packaged though so the gum doesn't fly out. We all laugh because it's a funny reference and then I roll up my sleeve to my shoulder and stick them in the cuff and we all laugh again.

Unfortunately I'm now in charge of the conversation which means I have to keep doing these things. So I do, and I get a bit tired but they keep smiling until I feign a caring look and say my friends are probably worried. They all look over and my friends don't look worried but they do look something. Probably bored because someone none of us is interested in has turned up and is speaking about what could very well be the weather. He's not worth staying for and my bus is never late. With that sentence slapped carelessly on everyone's tables I head up the street. My face lies that I'm thinking hard about something but when I get on the bus I just look out the window.

M

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly

gb+u

Architecture as Fairy Light
Architecture is being publicly promoted as a lifestyle accessory as the potential worth of a designed environment is badly represented by the mainstream press. Tap-ware selection is not on the same level as building design.

Ulterior Architecture
Even the most worthy local forums on architecture are tainted by political and/or professional interests and meaningful discourse is obscured.

The Vitamin Supplement
There is no effective barometer for architecture in Brisbane - i.e. a forecast reading or statement of public interest before the facade's scaffolding is revealed.

Thus we introduce **gb+u**, *an electronic publication that exists to measure (prior to construction if possible) how built work will enhance/shrug off the surrounding environment. In short -* ***how pithy or pissy?***

The publication stands to serve architects, planners, developers, policy makers and the general public, aiming to raise the profile of issues in the built environment.

gb+u *is a loose associate of the Dept of Architecture, U of Qld, via the student organisation.*
Correspondence can be addressed to
The Editor,* gb+u.... *s318171@student.uq.edu.au

gb+u ***aims only to provoke insofar as to awaken sleepers, encourage practitioners and scold public vandals***

Competition

Your chance to design the new $80 million Museum of Modern Art in Southbank

Rules:
Design the new Museum of Modern Art
and bring it into the Semper offices by March 30
Remember: you have a budget

The three winning entries will be
published and submitted to Joan Sheldon, arts minister

We reserve the right to open the design competition
to university students

Knifing the Score

COMPOST

QPO Building, West End

DARK. Streets. West End. Seedy laddies playing with spray cans and colouring in their insides with Horizons. Ooh. Sounds of grunts and snorts. One greasy palm meets another to clap a muffle.

UP. Top floor of the QPO Building on Montague Rd, four players push new frequencies with their cellos. Four cellists straining away with bows of steel, uncovering a composition of sounds that stand hair and slice stomachs. This is cello at its most essential.

THINK. A subway wails, giant mosquitoes slip and slide on the air. The bows shun safety and climb the cellos, slowly and with the engineered precision of a maths mind. Your poetry versus his. And you wait because the start has produced a middle which rises to an end and then the end. Luke Jaaniste. 20, assembler of sound.

THEN. Four sounds from the voice boxes of four people, one per sound. There could be 2000. An orchestra in the mouth. This is conversation turned inside out. An abstraction of nuance and words and the speaker. S-l-i-c-k. A concept well carried. We laugh and clap.

ONWARD. Same composer, different piece. Four instruments competing to play the fastest on the melody line. Sax energy.

BUT. The strings aren't raw enough and don't fight the race. Competition is raw and hurts. For clarity, the concept must be properly grouted. Damian Barbeler. 25, composer of sound.

ALSO. Guitarist wielding Toby Wren's piece. Toby won a big prize for his compositional skill. Righteous guitar. One precipice musical moment slams into another and carries a New York story of rhythm images. Fantastic.

AND SO ON. Robert Davidson rolls Michael Nymanesque polyharmonies through the carapaces of four sets of strings. Music for musicians. An Irish soothe.

And they're all dressed up, there are minimal distractions and you have to listen and you have to think.

M.S.

'Compost' is the name of a new group of Brisbane composers who will be giving regular performances throughout the year. To get to their next concert of concepts, ring Damian Barbeler or Luke Jaaniste on 3371 1443

The John Wayne Principle

LA BOITE THEATRE COMPANY

Early in **The John Wayne Principle** Robbie (Paul Denny) describes his personal vision of luxury: it involves Pina coladas and sunsets. The fact that both have passed out of vogue along with the pastel shades they evoke allows us to date this play fairly accurately. But rather than producing criticisms, this is more a tribute to the popularity of the play, which is entering its third incarnation following repeat productions by the Sydney Theatre Company.

The play begins when Robbie receives a telephone call at his ostensibly Arcadian 'Banana Valley' home which he shares with his wife Jenny (Caroline Dunphy) and their five year old son. The caller reports his domineering tycoon father - "ever the perfectionist" - has botched a suicide attempt and now lies in a coma. After a hospital bedside confrontation with his 'all-balls' sister Serena, Robbie learns from his father's suicide note, a thirty-page legal document, that he has been offered a share in his rightful inheritance on the proviso he takes control for twelve months of the company Serena so desperately covets.

Robbie, obeying the John Wayne principle, returns to Sydney and takes up the reins. His appointed minder (Stephen Jackson) and the minder's wife Fiona (Carita Ferrer) are wonderfully acute parodies of the North Shore mentality, and the Old Man's weasily dogsbody, John, and larrikin entrepreneur Alvin, are both played exceptionally well by stalwart Errol O'Neill. The same unfortunately cannot be said of Carita Ferrer's alternative non-character, which she perhaps rightly appears not to play. Despite the similarity of the play's initial premise and general tone to Bernard Shaw's *The Millionairess* and a later nod to *Arms and the Man*, **The John Wayne Principle** is a well-rounded boardroom farce despite the appendage of punchlines to some sensitive, introspective passages of dialogue.

Denny's performance is excellent and while the coarse language of the play may at times overstate the intensity of the performances, Denny's anguished profanities, as he is ratcheted downward into a realistic pit of vipers, ring true. The central relationship between Robbie and Denny is, however, frustrating. The final resolution of their relationship should have seen them undergoing a progressive alienation but instead appears nearer to flatlining - and two people rubbing their mouths together in front of an audience.

Despite being a predictable season-opener for La Boite, **The John Wayne Principle** should be ensured a good turnout for its slick production of a sharp contemporary play.

Mitch Cunningham

One carton of cigarettes, one cartoon of Scotch, and go fuck your mother

TALES OF A DIRTY OLD MAN
Charles Bukowski
That Bald Guy Theatre Co.

Charles Bukowski was a drunk, a profligate and worked in a post office for most of his life. Round the sides, he wrote for underground newspapers and held pissed poetry fiascos in LA, establishing a reputation for himself as a mean ol' bastard from the gutter-edges of the Beat road.

Tales of a Dirty Old Man is an adaptation of his newspaper column of the same name and to kick start the authenticity, the theatre troupe set it in that low back-alley bar, Jameson's, a sleazy place but not really in Bukowski's ideal: the Sleaze at Jameson's wears ties on a Friday night. All went swimmingly until they started, with music so loud that we couldn't hear them move.

Eugene O'Donnell as Bukowski yelled his way through the rambling and graphic prose of Bukowski's piss-weakened life, smoking and drinking at us until he was upright sober but still two feet away. He was ably assisted by a propellor-headed and windmill-armed barman who employed alarming Brechtian alienation techniques with every mis-accented syllable.

This said, the show does have some interesting things to say about necrophilia, pedophilia and coprophagy. But your trusty reviewers believe Mr O'Donnell made a tragic error in dramatising a bar room scene while showing us none of the sordid detail he related. Was he unable to procure a corpse to shag lengthwise on the bar or did his nerve fail him? If so, this was his one attempt at audience empathy. The well-ironed punters would have fainted suitably.

Tales of a Dirty Old Man played from Jan 20 to Feb 11 and it looks like Jameson's is getting the knack of this sort of thing so keep an eye out for their next quirk. That Bald Guy Theatre Co are also worth following around, particularly if they continue to revive this sort of writing.

By Staff Reporters

RAW FM
Half baked

My disappointment at not finding an albino, blind, dumb, deaf Alsation character only reconfirmed my suspicions that the ABC board is a bunch of old cronies trying to force Shakespeare down our throats. Was that girl really blind or has nobody in the crew ever seen a real blind person? This programme comes across not so much as a TV series as an onscreen drama school. Why is there nobody with a face for radio? The characters we are intended to dislike do all but declare their intentions to march on Poland. Nonetheless we get the jackboot.

My inside sources tell me future episodes will include a villainous frosty-haired, wet-headed liberal character, which should be worth waiting for.

MC

Removing the Dragon's Mask

THE YEAR THE DRAGON CAME
Sang Ye

Any collection of oral histories generally gives a decent indication of the voice of the people. **The Year the Dragon Came** is a book of interviews with recently arrived in Australia members of the Chinese diaspora (Hong Kong, Taiwan and Mainland China), compiled by Sang Ye to show aspects of the modern Chinese perspective.

In his introduction, Ye describes China as a "country with a strong xenophobic, isolationist tradition; a place where deeply racist sentiments are not uncommon".

The saying goes that the Chinese will always call China home, no matter where they are and this certainly applies to the first generation ex-pats in this book.

The Mainlanders (much more than the Hong Kongnese and Taiwanese), students and otherwise, come across as over-ridingly political and acutely aware of their part in the politics and future of China. Even the dodgy entrepreneur, whose remarkable if not shocking account of the hard-core business tactics in a newly-opened capitalist China, could be called a Nationalist.

The thing is, no one really wants to live there.

But apparently, many immigrants have a double peeve, not wanting to live in Australia either. One newly-arrived Mainland student describes Australia as "a second or third-rate country in the eyes of China...a refuge for drifters, a dumping ground for the world's garbage", Many of those spoken to are over-qualified for their jobs and struggling to survive, annoyed because there are larger and more extant Chinese problems to be apprehended.

This young man's account is one of the most interesting, as his jilted attitude and obvious annoyance at having to be in Australia contrasts sharply with the supposedly concerted cause of Mainland students for residency.

Sang Ye thinks so too. He includes a scathingly edited interview with one of the leading student residential-status activists. The apparent hypocrisy of the Mainland students' actions and their cause raises annoyance among fellow diaspora immigrants who are attempting to adjust alongside them. Ye made a telling editorial decision in including their views on the situation. Indeed, the upsets described may be something that should be objectively monitored as a potential cause for internal problems among the Chinese communities.

The scalding denunciations of Australia which litter the book can't be dismissed immediately and should be given credit as international perspectives. In the end, however, the dissatisfactions have to be taken with salt, particularly when they're often given with an unnervingly dismissive tone. But fundamentally, most of the arguments ring falsely because of an unrecognised discrepancy between what and where both China and Australia are at the moment.

China is a modernising society with enviable cultural foundations.
Australia is without the rich cultural heritage but with the advantages of a post-modern society, advantages which include a non-violent lifestyle - dismissed by some of the speakers as apathetic and parochial. Perhaps, but that's not really a bad situation *per se*.

That said, the book does include balanced accounts of ex-pats living here. A young Taiwanese student gives an interesting perspective on the Australian psyche: a Hong Kong student out here on a business visa, relates her high school adjustment difficulties.

This is a book that touches on so much more than any cursory review could. It reads like a dissatisfied and tense account of what it is to be a modern Chinese in the world today, where the ties to the Mainland are still strong; where overseas residency, an escape for most people, is limited to countries where the language tests are passed and America is seen as being the best choice but with the hardest test to pass; and where rapidly globalising China is having to compromise its cultured integrity for cultural and lifestyle standards alien to its own. This leaves an as yet unreconciled chaos of traditional and contemporary influences.

The Year of the Dragon is an intriguing read if supplemented by a deeper look into Chinese modern history and the broader picture. Jonathan Spence's *History of Modern China* is a good, if huge, place to start on the last 150 or so years of Chinese difficulties.
A more educated perspective on modern China and its quirks could only help the questionable future of stable Australia-China relations.

Margaret Smithurst

A Talented Bastard

MOAB IS MY WASHPOT
Stephen Fry

Both the tone and title of this book owe much to British master of the Arts Stephen Fry having spent several months in prison at 12 years of age with nothing to occupy him but cryptic crosswords. This incident was the pivot of Fry's life, after which he re-dedicated his 'near genius' intellect, hitherto employed at pranks and fleeting homoerotic encounters, to academic pursuits and the stage.

Regrettably, this volume of memoirs stops just short of Fry's 20th birthday and entry into Cambridge, leaving the reader hankering for the anticipated anecdotes about Footlights, Blackadder and so on.

That said, the book is well worth reading and profits greatly from the direct style in which it is written, specifically the avoidance of trademark Messrs Elton/Atkinson/Laurie convoluted similies which turned this reviewer away from Fry's previous novels.

Fry is most entertaining when candidly discussing politics, homosexuality, religion, public schools, literature, his family and cricket.

The book has a number of similarities to Gore Vidal's memoir, 'Palimpsest'. On the upside, the roughly a-chronological pastiche presentation of events is extremely engaging. On the downside, Fry dwells on his first experience of (curiously also unconsummated) love, which is a little tedious but never so portentous as Vidal's. In fact, his levity and self-deprecating manner belie an easy charm which has hitherto been concealed. Worth reading.

Mitch Cunningham

The & Woodward Bernstein

Union Pages

The Fourth Estate

SMOKERS WAKE! Slip on your flak-jackets and come with us into the Fourth Estate, that part of the Student Union we fondly know as the *Semper Press Gallery!* Mind the stains.

As part of the BiTe! election commitment to Accountability (yes, your favourite Yellow Team *did* win), *Semper* hereby establishes **The Fourth Estate** in line with the traditional role of the press as watchdog on (student) government. Be assured, oral sex is not a concern of ours. Unless - no. Sorry.

Already your gal in the **Fourth Estate** is perched on the frontline of government, eyeing the trenches, ducking for cover from a hail of bullets - but nevertheless pleased to report, and you can see this for yourselves, that quite a bit of work seems to have been done by your representatives while you were flat out on the beach.

Office bearer reports for this issue have been submitted by the President and Education, Welfare, Activities, and Women's VPs and *Semper* will continue the Union Reports on a rotational basis, featuring five each month.

As well, we kindly offer a **Bulletin** board service for union, university or community events. Material may be submitted in a brief format with contact details in the **Bulletin Tray** outside the *Semper* office (turn right at the Commonwealth Bank near the union complex). Peruse our opening pages for issue deadlines.

Time constraints for Semper-O have meant this **Fourth Estate** is little more than an introduction (union breathes sigh of relief) but, we hope, a more comprehensive service is in the pipeline. To lay some foundations, you can help by suggesting penetrating or other questions, and the **Fourth Estate** will go around and put her foot in the relevant Representative's door.

For information on Who's Who in the Union, phone 3377-2220. To contact the **Fourth Estate** ph: 3377-2237 (Ask for Woodward or Bernstein.)

O-Week, O-Week, O-Week!!! Boy, is it going to be sexcellent!!! Market Day is going to be huger than ever... join heaps of Clubs and Societies, enjoy the loud sounds of heaps of extra funky bands, be overwhelmed by roaming street theatre, indulge in a succulent burger, then make yourself ill by bouncing on a huge jumping castle and, most of all, get huge pleasure from dunking John Howard into a huge pool of water!!! The Big Gig is shaping up to be bigger than last year: two stages, ten bands, ten bucks!!! At that kind of value, who could say no!!! If music isn't your scene, why not amuse yourself with a cheap movie, either at the First Year Film Fest, the Trip Around the World movie night, or Outdoor Movies. The question is not what have I been doing, it's what haven't I been doing! The answer is sleeping, eating....not much!!! To find out the events, dates and times, check out the Bulletin.

Julz de Jong, Activities Vice President

"These Union reports are the most boring and unreadable pieces of crap I've ever read."

The last words of an Average Student before choking on a sausage roll in the Main Refectory.

Bede Nicholson, President

I've been told by the Semper editors to make this President's report interesting and readable. Perhaps, I could make a few jokes, by exploring the wacky and hilarious events that have occurred over the last two months in the Student Union. Unfortunately, I've decided to take an honest and accountable approach to my report.

Meetings, meetings and more fucking meetings

I'm a meeting freak. A group-work junkie. The sheer adrenalin that pumps through my veins during University committee meetings has become unbearable. Over the past few weeks I have been preparing the Student Union's attack on Pauline Hanson. If you didn't already know, UQ is building a brand spanking new campus at Ipswich and Ipswich students will become members of the UQ Union. Next year the Ipswich campus will serve 500 students, which will grow to around 2500 by 2002 (don't worry, current St Lucia students won't have to study at Ipswich).

The Union will take on responsibility for catering services, trading areas, the provision of representation, and perhaps some anti-Pauline propaganda. It has been my responsibility to attend all of the Ipswich Planning Group meetings, and to write a number of briefing papers for the University administration, the Union Executive and Council. This has been a most challenging task. Attempting to construct a mini-Student Union is not as easy as it sounds.

Class representative network - my own private tamagochi

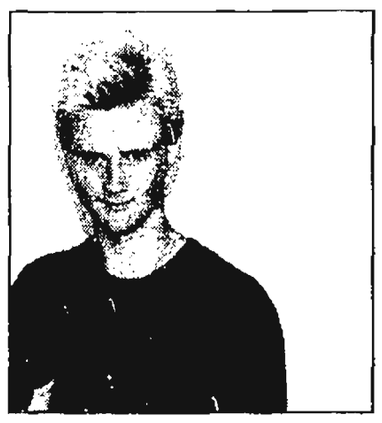
Children in Japan have been suffering from depression when their computers pets die. Fortunately my own pet project, the 'Class Representative Network', has been going along smoothly. This project has been initiated by the Union executive to establish more effective representation for students, build better communication between the union council and the student body, and in general, make the union more relevant to more students.

Frightening union people may come into your class and ask for people to volunteer to be a class representative. Don't be frightened! Being a class rep is very easy and very worthwhile. Apart from the amazing freebies you'll get, you will also enjoy the satisfaction of knowing you have been more than some boring, self-absorbed, apathetic, cliched 'gen-x' university student. Through the class rep network you can actually make some sort of difference to the university, and the broader community. Do I sound a little too enthusiastic? Sorry!

damn it - I've run out of room

I have so much more to say but no room left. If you do want to know anything about what I'm doing or what the Union is doing, or what you can be doing, please don't hesitate to give me a call on 3377-2200.

in memory of an Average student



Dave Copeland, Education Vice President

What I did on your holidays, or The Education VP's report: Three Things to Think About

1. The Alternative Handbook.

This is the annual publication of the Education Area. It contains essential information on issues affecting higher education at a university level, including upfront fees, information technology and the new common points system.

It also contains an analysis of many federal education issues such as the proposed Common Youth Allowance, cuts to Abstudy and the implications of the West Review of higher education policy. The Alternative Handbook is available now for free at the Student Union.

2. The New Education Collective.

A proposal will be taken to the first Union Council of this year to restructure the Education Committee. The current committee is the body that directs the actions of the Education VP (me) and helps organise student education campaigns. This committee is made up of seven students elected at special elections. The proposed restructuring will pass over most of these roles to an Education Collective open to all UQ students.

This will make the Education Area more accessible and allow more students to feel they can play a part in campaigning on education issues. If you want to get involved, the tentative meeting time will be Wednesday, February 25th at 1 p.m.

down in the big Clubs and Societies room (turn right at the branch of the Commonwealth Bank near the Main Refectory). Also feel free to attend Council at 4pm the same day and have your say on whether this change should occur.

3. O'Week

Just like every other part of the Union, the Education area will be inseparably involved in the shemozzle that is O-Week. We plan on giving away lots and lots of Alternative Handbooks, as well as a dunking machine featuring all our favourite politicians. We are also launching the Class Representative Network and are looking for as many students as possible to get involved. So if you're interested in finding out more, come up to our stall and say hi.

abled students. Over the past few years the Differently-Abled Students Committee has failed to operate or convene, and this has been a major structural flaw in the Union's capacity to be representative.

For there to be a major awareness campaign and for the Area to be properly resourced, this committee needs to meet regularly and decide for itself the needs and priorities of such a diverse group of students. Fortunately we have in Helena Rose, the acting Disabilities Convenor, someone who is willing to put in the time and effort to see this happen. The committee is in addition to GROW, the mental health support group on campus, which will meet on Friday March 6 at 4 pm at the Chaplaincy Centre.

And, finally, don't forget to see the Welfare stall at Market Day. I see it as a major priority this year to run a vigorous

John Howard convicted of crimes against humanity...

Matthew Carter, Welfare Vice President

As yet another O-Week comes around at UQ, thousands of students are reluctantly contemplating another year of hours of study, lectures and exams (well, most of us anyway). For those of us in the Union, this contemplation has been taking place since the beginning of the year when we started work. So what have I been doing with my time and your money so far this semester?

Perhaps the most exciting event to get involved in was the Invasion Day rally on January 26. Although the Rally was organised by the Brisbane Aboriginal Community, UQ Union donated significant resources in food, photocopying, a marquee and a BBQ, as well as our support. A drama was performed by members of our executive in which Captain Arthur Phillip and John Howard were convicted, in a mock trial, of crimes against humanity. I believe that it is critical, particularly if we want to launch an anti-racism campaign of our own, that we forge strong links with the traditional owners of the land.

Another important project for the Welfare Area is in the area of differently

campaign on the changes to income support for students in the form of the new Youth Allowance and the ABSTUDY cuts. The Youth Allowance will probably be debated in the Senate in March and the ABSTUDY cuts have already been implemented as of January 1. It is important for students to be aware of the changes to their income and for them to be able to act on it, so be prepared for a major letter-writing campaign as we attempt to make this an election issue. We will keep you posted on developments.

Don't hesitate to come into my office or call me on 3377-2200, ext 343. Remember that a decent standard of living and quality of life is the right of every student. Don't let John Howard strip you of it. GET INVOLVED.

Bec & Kim
Queer Sexuality Officers '98

Hi there! We are planning to make 1998 a hugely fun and active year for the Queer Sexuality Collective, with workshops (such as Coming Out and Safe Sex), movie nights, Gaymes nights, parties and discos and other funky stuff. For the first time, QSC will be producing a publication as an outlet for all creative people out there to contribute essays, short stories, poems, cartoons etc, on sexuality and queer issues.

The Queer Sexuality Collective is located in the Rona Room, which is under Main Refectory near Activities. The Rona Room is a great place for gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender, and queer-friendly students. It is particularly great for first year students who have probably escaped from a heterosexual- dominated world where queer issues are virtually always ignored. Rona Room provides a safe and confidential place with coffee, books, magazines and music where you can meet other queer and queer-friendly students. (Great posters too!)

The student union has a policy against homophobia on campus, so if you are intimidated, discriminated against, or abused on the basis of your sexual orientation, make sure you report it immediately (contact the Queer Sexuality Facilitator at Rona). Also, if you feel that any subject at uni excludes queer issues, while catering to the "heterosexuality norm" (ie heterosexism), please see us as soon as possible.

Students who feel nervous about coming down to the Rona Room can ring Bec and Kim, or the Queer Facilitator, on 3377-2214 to meet on or off campus. We also have an email network for queer students on campus, so please email qsc-exec@queer.org.au for details. Hope to see all queer and queer-friendly students throughout 1998!

Alissa Macoun, Moo Baulch, Women's Vice Presidents

So, how to start? It's pretty well known that nobody reads the union bits in Semper, so if you've got this far, bully for you! You may as well stick with us - you'll learn about the many exciting projects of the Women's Area in 1998, find out how to get funky free stuff, make the time spent writing this worthwhile, and maybe even decide to wander up to the Women's Area and say hello.

We're Lissa and Moo, your friendly union Women's Officers. It's our job to lobby and campaign on behalf of women students, and provide you with information, support and referrals on almost any issues - sexual violence, child care, education cuts, unplanned pregnancy, reconciliation and indigenous rights, sexual harassment, lesbian rights, gender in curriculum - you want it, we've got it (or we know someone who has).

Anyone, whether male or female, can come up and see either of us in our office (at the top of the little staircase in the union building), or the Women's Organiser, Toni Lawson, in the Women's Room (next to our office). What have you got to lose? It's there for you, and if you want you can get involved in the Women's Collective, an informal group which runs the area. We meet on Tuesdays at 1pm in the Women's Room.

Exciting Things -

• Venus Rising! Thursday 19th February, Ric's Cafe, Valley Mall - films, bands, soloists, poets, firetwirlers, an 80s disco...the list goes on.

• Women's Collective Welcome! Tuesday 24th February, 1pm, Women's Room.

• International Women's Day! March 8.

• Workshops in first semester on self defence, car maintenance, generative drawing, protest letters and campaigns, assertiveness and public speaking, and more...

• Campaigns on reproductive freedoms, women and reconciliation, domestic and sexual violence, and more. Come to the Women's Collective and add your suggestions, insights and contributions to this list.

Come up to the Women's Area anytime for a chat, a free tea or coffee, pamphlets, leaflets, stickers, magazines, lollipops, condoms and dams, a place to sleep or study, borrow a book, and make some new friends. Or call us on 3377-2246, and have a chat.

You show me your faction

Last year UQ students voted to re-affiliate to the National Organisation of Students (NUS). The first annual conference was held last December at that august mining town, Ballarat, where the downpour saw everyone cuddle up by a roaring fire to welcome in the historic moment.
Not really.

by delegate Gillian Marshall

NOLS: national organisation of labor students

by delegate Cynthia Kennedy

"What amazed me about the NUS conference was the efficiency and inefficiency at once. I was amazed to see how organised the factions were, with laptops generating the numbers, staked-out territory, toast being prepared on the conference floor at 2am, and the fact that the verandah (where smoking is allowed) is considered part of conference floor so that numbers are maintained while delegates get a fix. But then quorum can so easily be lost because factions are caucusing or do not agree with what is coming up, and the whole thing grinds to a halt.

UQ had seven delegates to the conference (sometimes we all voted as one) and within our caucuses were able to present the situation of our particular campus and have them incorporated into background which led to policy and action development. However, given that we were very new to the whole thing, we were mostly content to watch and learn.
Some excellent discussions/fights/brawls/debates went on and deals were made between factions all through every night. NOLS split after a delegate who lost preselection ratted, I got an average of 4 hours sleep a night, had my politics challenged almost constantly but most of all was able to understand the important place that NUS has to play in the defence of education across the country.

Howard and his mates are determined to reduce education/student welfare/ reconciliation processes/multiculturalism/ employment conditions/ unionism etc, to a burnt out wreck but I am now more convinced that NUS can put up a very strong voice, particularly with the people who have been elected to lead the organisation and the 200-odd dedicated activists who participate in the national conference representing the other 500, 000 students on their campuses, united in the struggle.

I have been elected as the 1998 President and Women's officer of the state branch. The office is right here at UQ, so there is no excuse for you not to come see us if you have a concern or want an issue addressed. Please get involved in the campaigns and watch this space for more NUS info.

Australian Federation of Liberal Students

By Stewart Maiden, delegate

In Semester I 1997, the University of Queensland was finally affiliated to the National Union of Students. UQ had always been an attractive target for the Union, and following the affiliation it now provides N.U.S. with some 120,000 odd dollars of funding. With this in mind, those of us who had fought against the affiliation thought it best to try and have some say in improving the union – we have many gripes with its aims and methods, and with the ways in which they are (somewhat doubtfully) achieved. To this end, the Australian Federation of Liberal Students made its presence known in Ballarat.

Much of N.U.S's ineffectiveness stems from how heavily factionalised it is. The majority of the conference was spent waiting for sessions to actually begin, while the factions 'caucused' - a politically correct term for arguing amongst themselves. So, while the students it 'represents' were paying for them to be in Ballarat, the majority of the delegates were squabbling with their factional colleagues, and not even directly addressing conference business.

The factions all fight each other for the elected positions on the executive, which is the paid decision-making body of the Union. Because the factions are such bitter enemies, the executive members have a hard time even communicating, and the union has trouble getting anything done – a fact made very clear in the executive reports given during the conference.

Surprisingly, a large number of the delegates were sensible students with a passion for their politics, who provided stimulating debate throughout the conference. However, the proceedings were marred by the continual interjection of delegates from the far left, who forced their time-wasting pettiness and ignorant policy amendments on the rest of the conference. These were the same 'people' (I use the term loosely), who were laughing and humming their 'theme song' during a minutes' silence for victims of war. I couldn't decide which made me more sick: their complete lack of respect for **real** Australians, or their nauseating disregard for personal hygiene. If these people have such little regard for Australian institutions and culture, why should they be given the privilege of attending a taxpayer-funded university? It is "students" like these who keep their serious colleagues from gaining the respect they need to make any real difference in the world of politics.

N.U.S. is not a representative body, it is an organ of the far-left student movement in desperate need of surgery. Until student unionism becomes voluntary, this union will continue to be dominated by "students" who are there to push their own agenda, begin political careers, and get free air fares, and not to address real students' needs.

Resistance

By Zanny Begg, NUS Queensland Education Officer

The NUS national conference shows the distance NUS has to go before it can overcome the problems that have plagued the organisation since its inception. The existance of a national union does strengthen the campaign to defend students' rights. It is NUS which calls and organises the national days of actions against fees, the rallies in defence of higher education and so on. But who leads the union and in what direction, are major questions the student movement has to grapple with.

For most of the delegates at the conference, NUS is regarded as a 'kiddie parliament,' where little else matters other then deals for national office bearer positions. The various factions from the right and (unfortunately) the left, squabble over the last few votes to tip their candidate over the line and secure their factions' toehold in the union.

What gets left in the wake of this wheeling and dealing is real discussion about when NUS is actually going to fight for students' rights. Of the more than 200 policy motions submitted to the conference only a dozen were actually debated. After the announcement of the office bearer election results the right-wing factions withdrew from the conference floor, thus denying the conference quorum and ending the conference before any more policy motions could be discussed.

The most serious ramification of this situation was that no policy motions on defeating the Liberal attacks on higher education were discussed at all. In the face of the West Review and other serious attacks against public education this was a massive setback for the student movement. There was also little discussion on environment policy, no discussion on international solidarity and policy on women's rights was passed only after it was submitted *en bloc*, with no discussion.

The national conference reveals the urgent need for the left within NUS to both articulate a coherent strategy for changing how the union functions and find ways to work together. Disunity among the left assists the continuing domination of NUS by Labor students with the different left factions caught up playing Labor's games for office-bearer positions and deprioritising policy and action.

Resistance called for the formation of a single left caucus for NUS national conference. Unfortunately this proposal was rejected, and the NUS merry-go-round just kept spinning. Next year those concerned with making NUS a more activist and relevant organisation will be faced with the same challenge: working out how the left can work together. If we want to stop NUS being a training ground for budding bureaucrats and student politicians we need to get more activists involved and have the guts to work together and take on the right. Maintain your rage.....

and I'll show you mine

Democratic Processes I Have Seen Fucked

by Darin Preston, Access delegate

I was elected from the **Access** team as the seventh delegate from UQ, narrowly beating out the More Beer and Green candidates. From the start it was an eye-opening experience. On the day the election results were declared people rang from three states trying to find out which faction I would be joining. The whole factional thing was quite a surprise. I had expected the Labor students to be all for it, but not that everyone would be playing their game.

The factions give a fairly accurate picture of campus politics with two right-wing and then 5 left-leaning to varying degrees. Faced with this type of rampant factionalism and being unsure exactly where a Democrat would fit into the hierarchy, I made the only decision possible. I started my own faction.

The period leading up to the conferences was quiteexciting but also very frustrating. As we only re-affiliated this year, nobody at UQ was really able to give me an idea of exactly what to expect. I was wary of listening too much to those people who also wanted me to join their faction, but I was lucky enough to get involved in a non-Labor left grouping prior to the Qld conference. Working with this group was a good way to get a handle on the policy issues as well as the conference procedures.

The actual conferences were unlike anything I've seen in my life - they were about equal parts weird shit and wonderful things. First the weird shit. I would never have thought the democratic process could be prostituted so thoroughly. The main reason for the factions existence would seem to be to have their members elected to office bearer positions. Deal making for who gets what position takes up most of the available time at the conferences. Policy takes second place and for most of the national conference quorum is not reached as the factions are in little rooms arguing about what type of deals they can make.

The factions appoint negotiators to talk to other factions, normal faction members are not allowed to discuss anything relating to the conference. If they do, they add riders such as "personally I ..... But I can't say what we are actually doing, you will have to speak to our negotiator."

When the office bearer elections roll around each member of the faction collects his/her ballot papers and then hands them to one person in the faction who fills them out and puts them in the box. No, really, it's true. If they have done a deal for the elections they will in fact swap ballot papers with another faction and let them vote for themselves. It looks like somebody left the words 'secret ballot' out of the Constitution.One of the strange things is that once the office bearers are elected they mostly produce excellent results.

This dealing and schmoozing can have unforseen consequences. An example of this is that the Labor right who are running Griffith University this year got fucked over at the QLD conference. They are now making noises about not co-operating with NUSQ because they no longer like one of the office bearers. Working for students or wanking for factions?

Funnily enough the wonderful moments make it all worthwhile. When you have a couple of hundred people in a room who mostly share a passion to help improve life for students, good things have to happen eventually. The policy and speeches made on issues such as reconciliation with our indigenous peoples and the environment proved this and made me quite happy to be there participating. I am very disappointed that we could not get a majority to support the 25th Nimbin Aquarius festival. (May 12th, 1998, BYO drugs and funky new-age hippy attitude.)

I walked away from the conference a wiser person. I was disappointed to see the way that the conference itself could become the main aim of so many people. At the same time I couldn't help thinking that if the NUS could be fucked this badly and still produce the good results it does, what could it do if they actually worked together for the good of all students. You know ? The way a student union should.

This is an abridged version of my report as the Semper-nazis restricted it's length. If you want to know more or even see exactly what the NUS actually does, drop by at our state office, under the Union Building in the old 4ZZZ room.

How Oddur got deflowered

***Oddur Oddson** went to the NUS conference with a notebook. He brought the notebook back into the **Semper** office. This is what it said.*

NUS Diary: Monday, December 8, 1997

Interfactional deal-making was in full swing yesterday only hours after our arrival and registration, and proceeds well into the wee hours. The first conference session features the report of outgoing president, John Carey, and the hospitalised Welfare Officer, Zane Whitehorn, as related by a couple of his friends. Debate is opened and policy on the Wik decision and the Stolen Generation discussed. Labor and Liberal-sympathetic delegates exchange ribald and bombastic tirades, with one Liberal removed from conference floor for a remark over the P.A. along the lines of 'lesbian separatist Nazi'.

Tuesday December 9, 1997

The code for a nasty memory, CN119, has been chalked prominently on a walkway, refreshing the experience of a drawn-out dusk-to-dawn final session last year where verbal abuse and personal attacks reigned and chairs were hurled in the debate over a constitutional change in NUS structure. People break down in tears trying to recount the horror of that night, while an Independent stalwart comments on the calm nature of the 1998 conference. Her friend replies: "Yeah, and it's weird because it's so fucking freaky".

Debate in the afternoon includes a well-argued but universally-booed spiel from our own Stewart Maiden (NLSF) on Native Title and Industrial Relations reforms. The independents hope the evening session will cut to the chase and some juicy policy. Instead, the National Organisation of Labor Students (NOLS) splits in their caucus room, meaning quorum is not reached and the evening session lapses.

Student Unity and National Liberal Student Federation (NLSF) delegates, removed from the shitfight, live it up until the wee hours. I fall asleep to the strains of a three-chord Oasis tune belted out by drunken right-wing Labor students in blue t-shirts screenprinted with that free-thinking slogan: 'Follow the Leader'. The design was supposed to feature Cheryl Kernot.

Wednesday 10/12

We awaken and caucus morosely. The split means much of our discussed policy and constitution changes will never make it to conference floor. The afternoon session lapses, and we hope the best for the evening but prepare for the worst.

The true nature of Conference has manifested: a power struggle for positions over policy and constitutional debate. Independent delegates wave their fingers and chant "naughty, naughty, very naughty". A cross-factional meeting on Sexuality policy finds all of us poofs and dykes and bisexual folk slipping out of the woodwork for a brouhaha. Everyone agrees on a statement condemning the Common Youth Allowance, but not much else.

Unity people and Liberals use the NOLS split to spurn most of the proposals for the order of debate. A no confidence motion is put to business committee, but, like a Sunshine State parliamentary meeting, refused. People frantically consult yellow constitution handbooks, trying to re-interpret the constitution. No-one convinces anyone. Quorum dissolves into boozing and partying from the usual suspects.

Thursday, December 11

The dust has settled on the NOLS split and many office-bearer deals have been cemented. A cross-factional meeting on women's policy yields little consensus and much criticism. Somehow I hoped the girls were above that level of silliness.

On the floor motions placing more constitutional focus on smaller, regional campuses are passed, and the Environment Officer's position made clearer. After a hesitant General Secretary's report....so begins the 'night of the long knives', the eve of office bearer elections. All but the most earnest get drunk. The portion of NOLS-that-still calls-themselves-NOLS throws a party, with Cynthia Kennedy's fabbo tape of 80s pop and Eurotrash played ad-infinitum. Copious amounts of Student Unity alcohol target at'swinging' delegates to pull them into deals.

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Disaffected NOLS folk wearing VANS (V.S.U.- Affected NOLS Students) shirts, vent their spleens and spearhead a night of anarchistic revelry which sees the sun dawning on $2000 worth of damage to the common rooms. Among the highlights is a human bowel movement in a dormitory kitchen and fire and smoke-affected bunks. *It's your union, folks, and they're your representatives.*

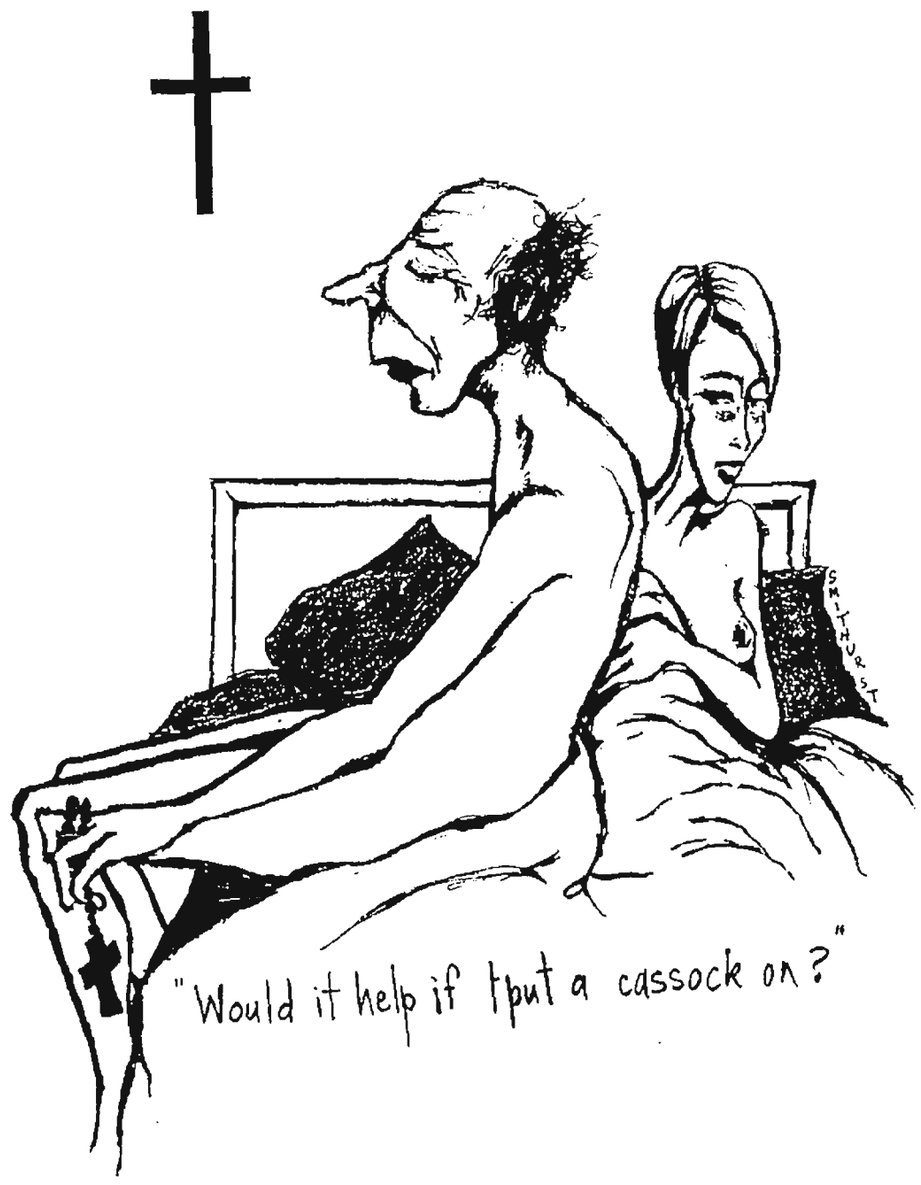
Friday, December 12

An eerie hush descends on the campus as people prepare to register votes. Hangover, or creeping paranoia about That Deal? Probably a good measure of both. After voting I see Brer Adams and Matt Nurse of Student Unity (blue t-shirts), who look like trolls guarding a crossing from the billy goats gruff. They epitomise everything that shits me about NUS: right-wing, arrogant, dogmatic and obstructive.

Kodak moment for the week arrives on the lawn outside the dining hall. Hacks and headcrunchers of all factional persuasions engage in a relay race with mobile phones as batons. There is plenty of unashamed tripping and corner-cutting, which summed up the essence the conference for me.

Many have left Ballarat after the formality of voting and quorum dissolves before we can vote on women's and sexuality policy. I get on the mic attempt to sing a little ditty about my favourite NUS hack, Vanessa Badham. My sympathetic noises about women's issues aren't too well received, probably because I bear XY chromosomes and word my sympathies a little crudely. That was my fifteen seconds of shame done with. Still no quorum. Still nothing passed. A tremendous shitfight between Unity and Left Alliance women developed as they walked off the floor - truly frightening.

More parties, some drink-affected biffo between VANS and NOLS hacks, and threats: "When Jacob Varghese (NOLS) moves to New South Wales next year, you NAL-types better run for cover." Make of it what you will. NOLS suffers a chronic beer shortage and outgoing President Carey comes beginng for a stubby. I get his signature next to some NOLS lit in exchange for a Cooper's Pale Ale. He adds to the scribble the good-natured comment: '"We love pre-selections".



Bulletin

Student Union O-Week

Wed, Feb 18th - **Market Day**. 10am-3pm. Clubs and Socs stalls, Bands, BBQ, Rides, Street Theatre, Free Sample Bag & Diary.

Thurs, Feb 19th - Free Band outside Student Card queue. **Venus Rising** (*Ric's Cafe* at 7.30pm. $5 for women and their friends)

Fri, Feb 20th - Free movies at Schonell Cinema on campus. *Tomorrow Never Dies* (11.30pm, 1.30pm), *Romeo and Juliet* (12 noon, 2pm). **THE BIG GIG** (Natural Amphitheatre, 4.30pm, bands, bar, BBQ)

Mon, Feb 23 - **Cabaret** (Coffee Shop, 12.30pm), **Semporium** (Forum Area, 1pm), **Trip Around the World Movie Night** (Schonell Theatre, 4pm, $3 entry: *Miss Smilla's Feeling for Snow, Baraka, Seven Years in Tibet*)

Tues, Feb 24 - **Cabaret** (Coffee Shop, 12.30pm), Women's Collective Meeting (Women's Area, 1pm).

Wed, Feb 25 - **International Market Day** (Union Forum Area, 11am, Free Band), **Union Forum** (1pm, Forum Area).

Thurs, Feb 26 - **Big Aussie Beerfest** (Rec Club, 1pm), **Outdoor Movies: Fine, Fun and Funky Film Fest** (Natural Amphitheatre, 6pm, *Psycho, Halloween, Scream*).

Fri, Feb 27 - **Jazzniks** (Pizza Cafe, 7pm)

Wed, Mar 4 - **Band at Pizza Cafe** (1pm, Free BBQ.)

Thurs, Mar 12 - **Coffee Shop Entertainment** (12.30pm).

Wed, Mar 18 - **Band at Pizza Cafe** (1pm, Free BBQ).

Fri, Mar 20 - **Jazzniks,** (Pizza Cafe, 7pm).

Thurs, Mar 26 - **Comedy Night** (7.30pm)

University **Events**

International Women's Day, March 7 (Saturday). Rally at Emma Miller Place, 11am. March to Musgrave Park in West End for festival, including Woodford Folk Festival performers *Peace and Choir*, acoustic bands, Connie Andrews, performance artists. Dance in the evening for women and their friends, with belly dancers, fire-twirlers, drummers, female DJs. For dance information ring Trish on 3371 1782. Phone Ruth on 3254 0565 for other details about the Day.

The Last Supper, a black comedy about friends, politics, and arsenic, adapted by Nick Leys from the critically acclaimed film, opens at the Cement Box Theatre (under the Schonell) on Friday, February 27, at 8pm. Season finishes March 21. Student prices: Tues-Thurs, $8; Fri-Sun, $10. (All performances at 8pm.)

The **Differently Abled Students Committee** is being re-established to facilitate interaction between students and achieve positive outcomes for them in the broader university community. Contact Welfare VP, Matt Carter, on 3377-2200, ext 343 for details.

Centrelink has established a temporary office under the Schonell (next to the Commonwealth Bank) which offers over-the-counter Austudy, Abstudy, Assistance for Isolated Children and DSS services for students from Feb 9 to March 13 only. You can make appointments or lodge forms, with staff who are former or existing UQ students (they know how you feel). Opening hours are 8.30am to 4.30pm, Mon-Fri. The service may continue if it receives student support.

Community

Young? Healthy? Planning Families the last thing on your mind? Family Planning Queensland (FPQ) can still help you to make informed and pressure-free choices about safer sex practices, contraception, unintended pregnancy, and sexuality issues. Clinics operate around the state, with headquarters at Fortitude Valley. Consultations are free and do not require a Medicare card, although a $5 donation is welcome from clients who can afford it. For an appointment or info phone 3252 5151.

For the intending budget traveller, **Youth Hostels Association (YHA) Queensland** is holding Travellers' Information Nights on February 23-24 at 6.30pm at Brisbane School of the Arts, 166 Ann St, Brisbane. To register, phone 3236 1680. RSVP essential.

Retinitis Pigmentosa Association of Queensland Inc, is holding a 'Hike for Sight' on Sunday March 1 at UQ to raise money for continued research into retinal blindness.A good cause. Register by Feb 14 on ph/fax: 3229 0482.

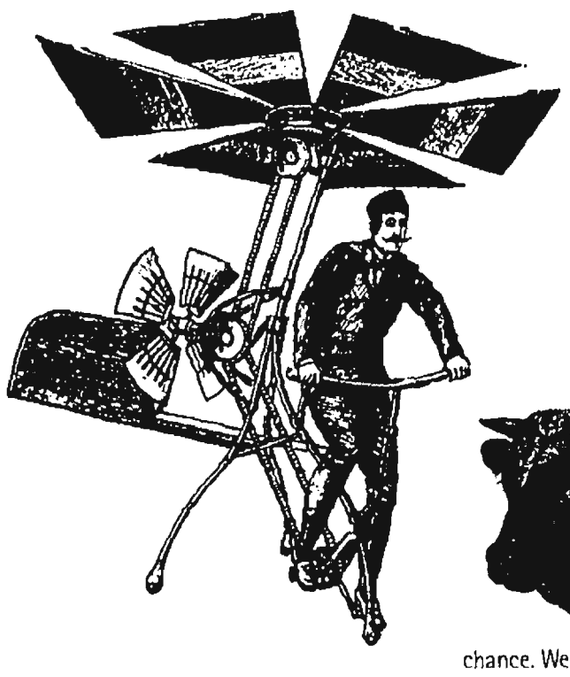
So you've been seeing those lights again. **UFO Investigations Centre**, a non-profit organisation dedicated to promoting a greater understanding of UFOs, the paranormal, the unexplained, and new sciences (etc) via open-minded investigation and research holds regular public meetings. Ph: President, Robert Frowla on 3808 8567 for details.

Nev Pirage speaks out

I'm Nev Pirage, your spy in the university and the big wide world. I've been very busy these last few weeks. My friends at Semper asked me to get a little dirt on the University of Queensland. And so, In a gesture of extreme kindness, I took a break from my busy social calender in order to get the readers the inside gossip. •••••Imagine my surprise when I found out that a certain dark and mysterious Gothic student had a plush toy frog called Road-kill! More importantly, though, which Philosophy lecturer was it named after?•••••My usual forays into the Journalism department turned up an odd gem recently. With the advent of the new Bachelor of Journalism (BJ). I wonder about the direction of the Department responsible for ensuring the New Media Generation does not contain any more Mike Munros, especially since the rigid structure of the new degree seems to effectively shut out any subject critical of the media - namely those in English...A case of forward defence, or little boys playing with their toys? At this point I would like to remind the Journalism department that they are on a hill and not an island. Maybe they should behave accordingly? ••••• An old friend in the University staff ranks whose tenure extends long enough to risk this piece of information about the Art History department. Art History was looking like it was about to be swallowed into another department - English and History were the departments touted as the bigger fish; but surprisingly no one wanted the department. No one at all. Result? The department remains intact with all staff, and it is rumoured that Art History also has a slightly bigger budget line this year. Let's hope they spend it on some half decent art this time around. God knows, people are certainly praying for it. ••••• Some jaded eyes around the University traps were looking at the appointment of the new Engineering, Physical Sciences and Architecture Dean and were more than happy to express their dissatisfaction to me. It seems that the good man was the President of the Academic Board before his latest appointment. Another case of management recycling? It all leads us to ask, where does the fear of new blood come from? Must we polish the old brass knobs when there is stainless steel available? Perhaps the Electrical Engineering department needs to put a few thousand volts up a certain committee to encourage some new faces. Comments Vice Chancellor Hay? Anyone? ••••• Which two union council heterosexual (as far as I know) executives turned up to a recent party in drag? I know which one was heard to exclaim that "My legs look great in high heels!" but I'm keeping hush - hush on this one. I need a favour and I'm not about to go and burn my bridges just yet. However, there is 18 positions on executive council and our two cross-dressers are among them. Any guesses people? ••••• My 'quote of the month award' is a shared title this month with Student Union Secretary, Katie Connolly and Student Union President, Bede Nicholson and was taken from a recent meeting of executive council.

"I want to represent your arses." - Katie Connolly in response to an inquiry about what her messy hand writing said.

"I would like to impartially digest that" - Bede Nicholson's response to Katie Connolly's surprising suggestion. ••••• I'd like to pretend that I've confided everything to you all, but there is some things which you just can't print. Not even in a student newspaper. However I will say just one word, "POOL". The guilty party knows what I mean. The Semper Editors are taking my messages, so while I'm ducking up to Singapore you can leave any relevant material with them. Happy plotting children.

Semper  in the stars

with Diamonds Malone

Pisces Feb 21 - March 20

Riches await you at the nearest ATM, but getting your just desserts isn't as easy as it sounds. You'll need a tow rope, a truck, a big drill and an alibi. Here at 'Semper and the Stars', we suggest pulling the ATM from the wall and laying low before fleeing to the tax haven of your choice. For best results try between the hours of 5:23 am and 6:02 am on a Wednesday. Avoid raisins and associated raisin products as they'll bring you nothing but tears.

Lucky Element - Beryllium

Cancer June 23 - July 23

Noting your plan to assassinate the Pope, the powers that be have not let you go unnoticed. Better for an impetuous Cancerian like you to aim for a more realistic goal like a local Bishop or Cardinal. Remember, bullets instantly suggest a murder, but a half - naked cardinal strung up after a incident of auto-asphyxiation gone wrong is quite run-of-the-mill really. Your fussy side will do your dirty work for you, but don't forget a tastefully placed piece item of porn adds that final touch of realism.

Lucky Erotica Item - anything involving pink feathers.

Scorpio Oct 24 - Nov 22

Everything seems rosy in your world at the moment, but look out! Vacuum cleaner salesmen posing as a group of Nuns with a car that has just broken down will force their way into your house. Play your cards right, and they'll vacuum your entire house for you. Only then reveal your economic status (i.e. student poverty) to will ensure a hasty departure of the salesmen concerned. Best be careful though, and make sure your cattle prod has fresh batteries in case they're armed with an 'easy payment plan'.

Lucky Carpet Stain - anything that hisses when you approach it.

Aries March 21 - April 20

You just can't say No, can you? Three words kiddo - Quality, Control and No! If you keep up those whorish habits you picked up during the summer break it could spell your ruin. Sure, sleeping with a few choice lecturers got you straight sevens this time, but at what cost? What do you think the Staff Notice Board is used for? Meeting announcements? Get a life and stop wearing Lycra - the 80s are dead, my friend!

Lucky Road Kill - any mammal

Leo July 24 - Aug 23

Gadgets found in the kitchen are likely to take out one of your eyes this month, so get someone else to cook all your food for you. Bribe an elderly relative with urgently-needed medication if you need to. On a lighter note, due to an unusual arrangement of the planets your underwear freshness will be strangely durable - meaning that one pair of knickers will last you an entire week! And not a nasty stain in sight!

Lucky Garment - anything lacy and red.

Sagittarius Nov 23 - Dec 22

Venus is rising, hurrah! Flip a coin in the presence of an executive dean or higher, and if it's heads you don't have to pay your HECS debt! If it's tails the VC owns your soul. So use a $2 coin.

Lucky Debt - $43, 948.

Taurus April 21 - May 21

Other than bad skin you have nothing to fear this month. Don't smirk though, because if you weren't born on April 2 your skin hasn't got a chance. We at 'Semper in the Stars' suggest a burns suit for those who can afford it or a paper bag for those on Austudy. If you WERE born on the April 2 a light cleanser should do the trick perfectly. Don't forget to irradiate Grandpa with some gamma rays to stop him harassing the cat; remember, animals are people too.

Lucky fish - Perch

Virgo Aug 24 - Sept 23

Inversions of old passions will cause a searching for things you thought you had settled. For progression you must consider the feelings of past acquaintances. Have you forgotten a loved one in your haste for elegant living? Remember patience is a virtue if you're a snail in a hurry. Don't look over your shoulder though, snails don't have shoulders. Also, if your cat is named Miffy, it is likely to be harassed by an old man wearing red lacy underwear, Be Warned.

Lucky New Age Charm - any plastic / crystal head gear.

Capricorn Dec 23 - Jan 19

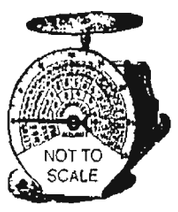
Insinuate that your ex-boyfriend has been plotting your downfall 'Melrose Place' style by sleeping with anything with a pulse. If you're a male heterosexual engineering student we know you're lying, so get a boyfriend. If you're a dyke, see Scorpio, and if you have no social life rub raspberry jelly into your skin, videotape the event and sell it to the ever-so-starved Queensland pornography market; try to incorporate feathers.

Unlucky Voltage - 480 volts.

Gemini May 22 - June 22

Uranus is rising in the fourth house of Leo, which can only mean one thing for poor Geminis on campus: bad thighs. Fat and cellulite have only one cure - vomiting and lots of it. Try not to stop vomiting, otherwise you'll become ugly. No just kidding, your fat will endear you greatly to an oil mogul from the Middle East, so milk him for all he's worth (about 40, 000 barrels) then throw him by the wayside. Remember what Zsa Zsa said "I've never hated a man enough to give him back his diamonds".

Lucky Oil - Crude and any involving the words "Extra Virgin"



Libra Sept 24 - Oct 23

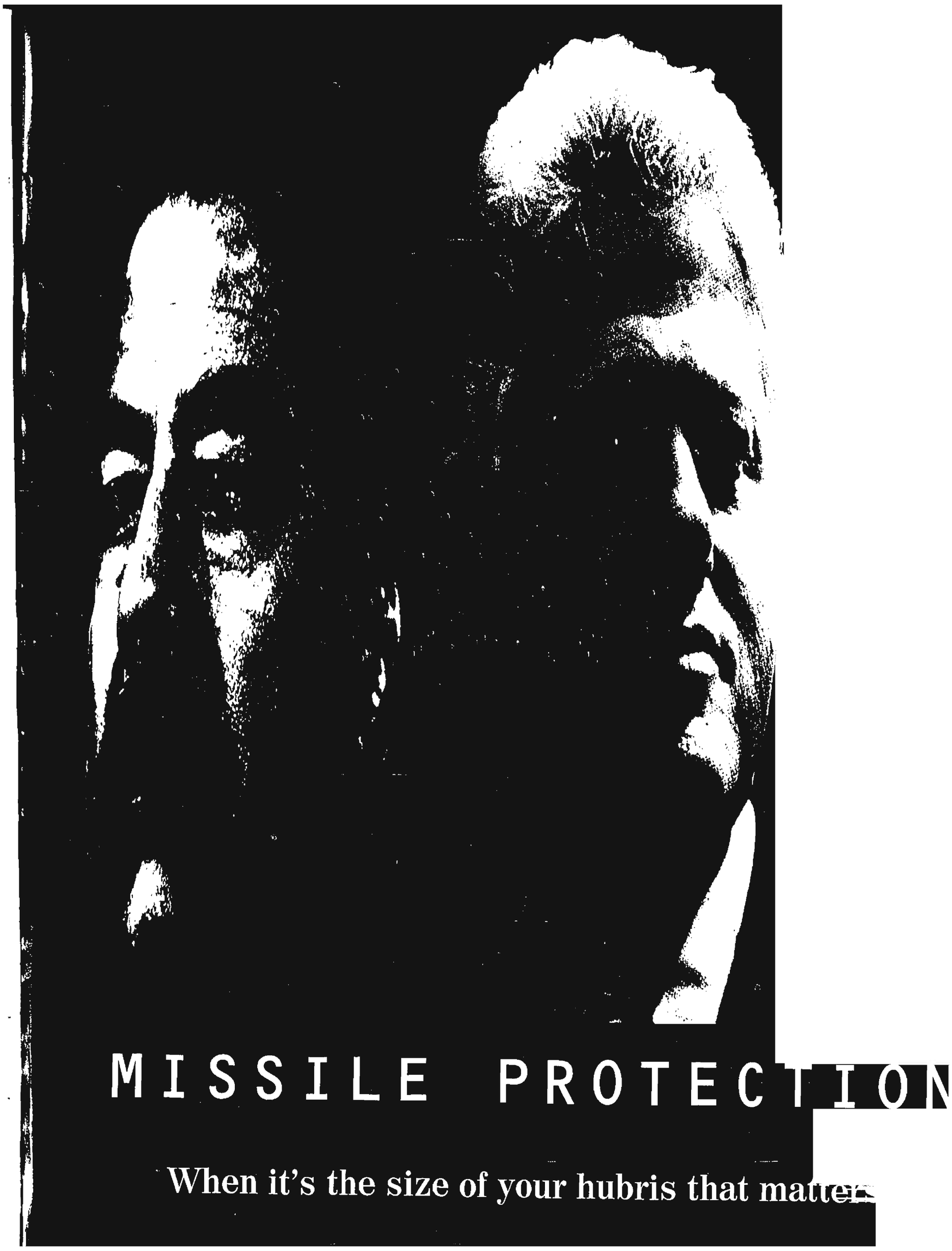
Semper in the stars has decided to completely ignore you because you're brutish, rude, ugly and smell like the male toilets on the ground level of the Michie building. Other than that, your mother has found out that you're embezzling funds from your great grandfather's estate, that stain in your flat will never come out due to it's supernatural origins, and your sister has been cloning you as part of a diabolical plot involving Beryllium. Try not to eat foods that smell of heavy metals.

Lucky Nostril - the left one.

Aquarius 20 - Feb 20

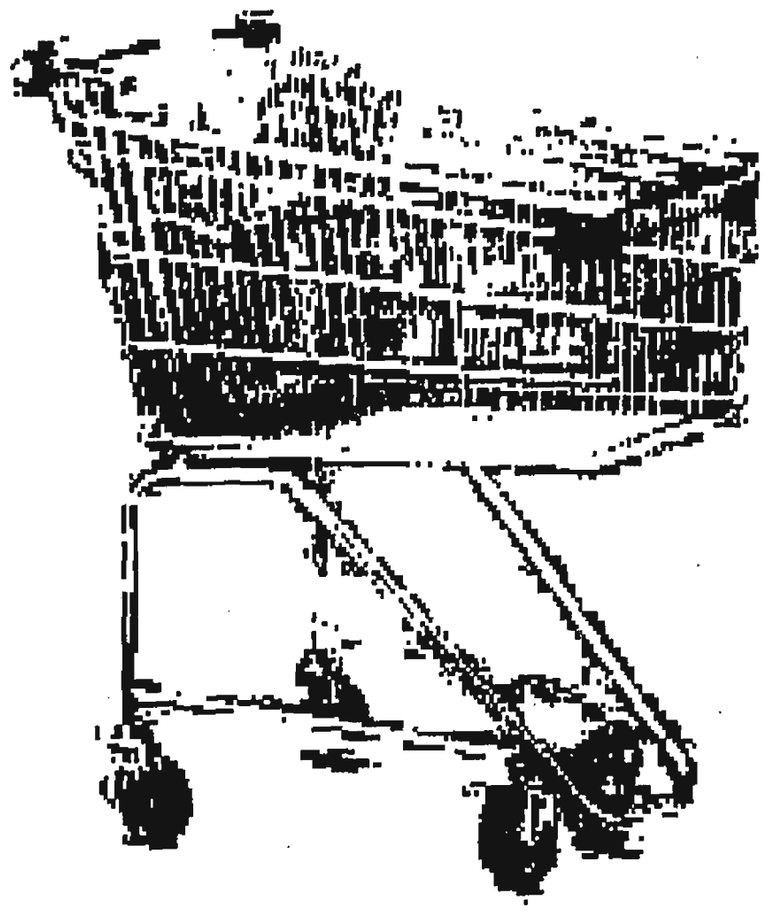
Lucky last again, it seems. Your fear of public spaces relates to a gall bladder infection you had in a former life and the fact that mischievous Saturn is in Leo again! Counselling could help but a bottle of red would be a lot better. Remember, alcohol is the social lubricant of choice at 'Semper in the stars'. Your family is also plotting to kill you but that will pass once Venus is back in Gemini; until then go into hiding.

Lucky Beverage - Vanilla essence, passion pop, goon and methylated spirits (small doses only!)


MISSILE PROTECTION
When it's the size of your hubris that matters

UQ union with Dark & Stormy presents **the big gig**

2 stages
food
stalls
bands
drinks
markets



ORIGINAL DARK & Stormy

CARLTON COLD

TO TOOWONG & CITY **FREE BUSES** AFTER THE BIG GIG

custard the whitlams

pollyanna [illegible] 20 feb